

STAT

School for Oprichniks¹

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Published as a series of articles in newspapers recently in Paris, France by an escaped Soviet NKVD Agent.

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STAT

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SCHOOL FOR OPRICHNIKI

The July day has subsided into ~~xxxx~~ its usual sultriness; and
 ashes settle in the quiet evening, in twilight contemplation. Groups of clouds
 have appeared in the west: it won't rain, but a moist coolness presses against
 the darkening walls of the barracks, caresses the ^{my father's} greenery of the gardens
 growing-in-profusion, greenery planted by people with a strong will to work,
 people forced to live in a land not their own, people whom no one cares about,
 all burdened and living under the stupid nickname of D. P.

I stand at the window and attentively follow the course of the
 conversation of the old men gathered behind the tangled hedge of the neigh-
 boring garden. What are they talking about, these seventy year old homeless
 men? About "ussia, of course. They have recalled old scenes, they have count-
 ed the herds of cattle and the flocks of sheep, have sighed with a smile over
 in remembering the Christmas holidays, ^{Leont} ~~Shrovetide~~, the weddings and christen-
 ings. Kuz'mich ^{sees} saw the Tsar and Tserina----"They stood right here. I could
 have reached out and touched them."

For me "ussia is a fruit of the imagination. Perhaps, the land
 of Eutopia seemed like this to the man who dreamed it up....

I often think about my ^{role} ~~past~~. For more than two years I have been
 keeping an account of the past in a thick notebook ^{glued} ~~past~~ together. But only

now, eavesdropping inattentively on the conversation of my neighbors from Barracks No. 202, I suddenly catch myself up: all my absurd childhood, my absurd adolescence, youth and this exile are the result of one thing: to the leaders of my country--a country with the rasping name of USSR--it is imperative that I take part in their monstrous experiment. They decree and plan, shatter and break, oppress and shoot, and I and all my people--we are the raw material, the tools, the experimental sacrifices. It doesn't bother a seventy year old so much--^{he} they lived for forty years in a Russia which was a Utopia, and I--alas!--am a contemporary of October¹⁹¹⁷.....

Now, that I clearly see the cause of my troubles, I tear up the thick, black notebook, I shift the pages, ~~the~~ ^I make inserts, I scratch out what is unimportant. Let us see what the result of this is--I write a novel about myself, trying to be frank, gathering fragments of pictures, not hiding the shame of my ^{fall} fall and believing in a restoration in the future. I want to believe, otherwise life is not worth living, to seek labor is not worth doing, to struggle for something better is of no use.

I have no plan. My plan is a simple chronology, and my novel about myself is scarcely distinguishable from an autobiography written without constraint. It is, perhaps, even clumsy.

THE ~~LAST~~ ^{LATE} OF CHILDHOOD

What happened to me in the fall of 1929 was such a severe traumatic

experience that the first fifteen years of my life were as if cut off by a heavy and rude blow. All the same, ~~I probably had a childhood,~~ and it was good, like every person's. The happiness of childhood lies in ~~the~~ ^{its} obliviousness to the horrors of life, and so even in a concentration camp, or in jail, a child has his joys. I was born in a Utopian Russia the tenth of June 1914. Therefore, I am thirty-five years old, and the week before last I celebrated my birthday in a meager way. I was born in Russia, but three years after my birth she ceased to exist, and my childhood, with ~~all its horrors of war and death~~ ^{divided of family happiness} ~~joys~~, was spent in the penal ~~camp~~ ^{like} RSFSR-USSR.

My father worked as an engineer in the Bryansk Factory in Yekaterinoslav (today the plant imeni Petrovskiy, the ~~secretly murdered~~ Bolshevik leader in the early years of the revolution who was secretly murdered). Our family consisted of eight people: my father, my mother, my maternal grandfather and grandmother, my three sisters, and myself. In 1924 or 1925 my father did the thing that ruined us, he got a small farm near Chuguyev, in the Kharkov Oblast, dreaming ~~his~~ of comfort and independence after working for forty years at the abovementioned metallurgical plant. Our farm had 18 desyatins of arable land, 9 desyatins of forest, three of meadows and three used for a garden. In its scale the farm did not even remotely resemble an estate, but it sufficed ^{and} completely for bringing up four children ~~when their~~

~~when~~ ^{the} engineer-father, it goes without saying, was trying to ~~make his money~~ ^{help his people} ~~give them an education~~ ^{to help them better}

the obstacles and rough spots in life. If the new system had not been imposed on Russia--a dictatorship of the proletariat--my father probably would not have sought refuge in the country; but the revolutionary ^{state} ~~movement~~ does not allow its intelligentsia to ~~continue to work, especially in the services of~~ ^{feel secure because of their work, their ability, their past} ~~be they~~ engineers, doctors, teachers, etc. Every ^{worker of the state} ~~intelligentsia~~ is ^{suspected} ~~regarded as~~ of something and lives in his house with ~~the~~ ^{his} doors thrown wide open. I remember ~~my~~ ^{run away} father--he wanted to ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~, hoping to avoid this.

He and I stayed in Yekaterinoslav, and the whole family went off to the farm, coming back from time to time, to see us.

In the fall of 1929 we felt the first, ^{quite} ~~heavy~~ ^{and} sudden blow. Our farm was taxed with an additional ^{assessments} ~~tax~~ of 150 poods (about 2.6 tons) of grain. ~~Thus~~ We paid this obligatory and legalized ~~tax~~ of 6-6.5 tons in good time and in full. The increase in the ^{assessments} ~~tax~~, amounting to almost forty percent, ~~affected us in such a way~~ ^{meant} that we had nothing left to sow the following year, nothing to eat ourselves, and nothing for feeding the cattle. But we still had to give everything we had. In the spring of 1930 there was a second additional ^{assessments} ~~tax~~ of 3.3 tons. We had no place to get these from; the new harvest ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ had not yet been reaped. My mother sent my father a telegram to come. They sold a large part of the cattle, bought grain at the market, and paid their whole ~~tax~~ ^{assessments}.

The same thing happened with the harvest in 1930, ^{we} ~~we~~ have every-

thing, according to the law, but in November we were assigned a ^{obligatory} ~~task~~ task" which again exhausted all our reserves for sowing, our fodder, and our feed supply. The barn grew empty. In spring of 1931 we had nothing to sow. The horses, weak with hunger, were supported by saddle-girths because they could no longer stand on their feet. Nevertheless, in the beginning of May two men visited us, introducing themselves as ^{agents} ~~representatives~~ of the ^{region} ~~administration~~ and handed us a paper which said that the farm had ~~to~~ accomplish the ^{obligatory} ~~task~~ task of 11.5 tons and 4,000 rubles on the ~~spot~~ spot. We had 48 hours to do it....

We knew that it was our turn for dekulakization. In the morning (this was the 12th of May, 1931) a dozen ^{agents} ~~representatives~~ rolled up to the door in ^{wagons} wagons. Of course, the wagons had been "commandeered" from the peasants. The band was a mixed group--impudent young boys, fancying themselves workers specially ^{empowered} by the government, and others, ^{handling} ~~conducting~~ themselves more quietly, but armed with Nagant revolvers, like the rest of the band. Three ^{dressed} in military uniforms and two peasants from the local "active" ^{attracted} ~~attracted~~ attention.

"Who is the master?" a threatening ^{voice shouted} ~~voice~~ asked.

"I am", my father answered with outer calm, as he lit a cigarette.

"Ha! You kulak mug! Still smoking cigarettes!"

The cigarette was ^{not anything special and only} ~~an ordinary cigarette~~ of medium quality; people in

the country prefer makhorka.

"I am ~~authorized representative~~ ^{Special Agent} Belousev," the leader of the band found it necessary to introduce himself to us, and continued:

"For not fulfilling your obligatory task your farm will be subject to inventory. The auction will be held tomorrow. Do you understand?"

"I understand", said my father, "But allow me to ask one question, Comrade Special Agent: do they gather the harvest four times a year? The assessment has been made four times//."

"Our proletarian Government knows about it.",

^{all right.} ^{matter}
"Then on the ~~matter~~ of courtesy... I am a working man and have come to find out why they are taking inventory of my possessions. And everyone has a right to smoke the kind of cigarettes he likes. In addition, please show me your papers so that I will know who I am doing business with-- with ~~the~~ representatives of the ^{Power} ~~Government~~ or with a drunken mob."

"Arrest him! We'll show you courtesy, you ~~unwilling subjects~~!"

They grabbed my father, tied him up and put him the barn with a guard to watch him. The whole drunken crowd burst into the house and headed straight for the ^{cupboard} ~~cupboard~~.

"Drink boys!" shouted one of the gang, pulling out a bottle of cherry brandy. "Drink! The kulak drank, and now we'll have a ^{pull} ~~share~~ at it!"

Fear for my father and for myself rooted me to the couch, shaking,

I could feel the back of the couch poking me in the back. Suddenly one of the "guests" came toward me.

"Well, ~~sonny~~, how are things? Have you had enough of being master?

We'll show you how to live, how to do things!"

I ~~draw up~~ against the back of the couch even more ~~than~~ closely.

"Don't touch him," another broke in. He turned to me:

"Go away. ~~Don't touch him~~"

I went into the bedroom. In a few minutes my father came in.

For some reason they had released him from the barn.

The inventory was in full swing. Everything was pulled out, turned over, broken, fragments of dishes ~~lay~~ everywhere ~~lay~~ and trampled pictures and photographs, torn from the walls. The most valuable things which could be put into the pocket found refuge in the pockets of the representatives of the power. My father protested when they wanted to inventory of ~~xxx~~ our clothing, and succeeded in dissuading them.

Finally, the pogrom ended, and the gang transferred their activity out-of-doors to begin the inventory of the ~~carriage~~, livestock, and ~~xxxxxxx~~ buildings. The last to be written down were the trees in the orchard at the side of the garden. Having worked out some kind of document for the inventory, they gave it to my father to sign, but he refused.

"Very well," said the ringleader. "Today you refuse, tomorrow ~~you~~"

yes 311
~~sign.~~ sign."

They drove away. Nighttime came but no one could sleep. My mother and father came into the bedroom with a small suitcase.

"Son!" my father began with a shaking voice, "go to Yekaterinoslav as soon as it is light..."

~~With a heavy heart~~ I pleaded with him ^{as hard as I could} to let me stay... The suitcase was taken to a friend's, Sergey Il'ich Petrunin's, so that in the event that I had to, I could slip away unnoticed.

It is bitter and sad to remember that more than a hundred people ~~from~~ the local inhabitants came to the auction. The cheapness of the sale enticed them: the cow went for ten rubles, the sheep for a ruble, the hens ~~for~~ at five for a ruble, and the geese for a ruble a pair. It was difficult for the peasants to ~~resist~~ ^{resist} the temptation when the market value of livestock was so monstrous, as ~~it is possible~~ ^{is possible} only in the USSR: a cow cost 5-4 thousand rubles, a sheep--500 rubles, etc.

The garden was sold to the kolkhoz in credit, the woods, too. The house was given to the kolkhoz free and so was the furniture which was in bad shape. The better stuff was sent to Chuguyev to be distributed among the superiors. They again tried to ~~open~~ ^{open} the trunk and take away our clothing and underwear. My father protested again, but this time he got a slap in the face from one of the gang. My father did ~~not~~ ^{not} take this ~~quietly~~ ^{quietly} and then they

ganged up on him and beat him up terribly with the hilts of their guns. They carried him out half-dead to a horse and wagon and ~~xxxxxx~~ drove to Chuguyev. They took the clothes.

Then mama literally chased me to the station because she was afraid for my life. I was supposed to meet Sergey Il'ich ~~at~~ the appointed place, but I was impatient and went to ~~the~~ porter we knew and spent the night at his house. The next day Sergey Il'ich appeared and gave me my suitcase and ticket for the train. He hemmed and hawed for a long time, and at last gathering up his courage he told me the news: my father had been shot that night, and my mother arrested and allowed no visitors. The others had been taken in by the Petrunins.

I, NO LONGER MYSELF, LEARN TO LIVE

On the 15th of May I arrived in Yekaterinoslav. Where should I go? To our apartment? And what would I do there? So I decided to go to my godmother's. She was home alone. After listening to my story about what had happened she cried. And having cried herself out she ~~was~~ ^{began} going over the things in my suitcase and found an icon of the the Blessed Virgin Mary there. Blessing me with it, she said:

"Live with us now, as our son."

In the evening her husband, Gleb Alekseyevich Brazhnev, came home.

He also questioned me. After dinner we went to sleep. The next day he arrang^d

to have the day off. We took all the things from our apartment to the ~~apart~~
² apartment. ~~xxxx~~ They gave me a little room and I began to grow into a strange
 family. Soon all my family was brought here, or I should say, the remains of
 my family, since my father, mother and grandmother were missing. My grand-
 mother had died of a heart attack. Brazhnev gave me the birth certificate of
 his dead son, Aleksandr, my contemporary, who was born on the 28th of May 1914.
 From that time on I was Aleksandr Glebovich Brazhnev. But this was dangerous,
 so [Brazhnev sent me in about a month] to Khar'kov to one of his friends.

"Remember," he said to me as we parted, "always remember that you
 and I are father and son. You will fill out a ~~document~~ ^{questionnaire}, so don't mess it up. You
 can't stay here. The neighbors know us; you can't fool them."

Our farewell was painful. It was hard for everyone and for me
 most of all now that I was all alone.

But God sent me another good person. The head of the house,
 Grigoriy Felorovich Korneyev, after reading Gleb Alekseyevich's letter, tore
 it up ^{in bits} as a precaution, threw them into the stove, and said:

"Well, now, don't be timid and don't worry. I'll try to get you
 a new place."

THE MARCHROUTE LEADS TO THE VCHK

Editor's note:

Because we have left ^{out} several of the first chapters of the novel

VLKSM

we shall give a brief resume of their content: Establishing himself in ~~another~~ ^{another} family under ~~another~~ ^{another} name, young Brashnev starts to work at the Khar'kov plant Yuzhmontazhstroy and becomes a Komsomol; then they call him into the army where, under the protection of the commissar of the district, whose daughter he marries, Brashnev starts out on a military career. But news of his kulak origin reaches ~~the~~ ^{his} commissar-father-in-law, and they demobilize Brashnev. He returns to the former plant in Khar'kov ^{he} becomes an activist and a candidate of the Party.

THE MARCHROUTE LEADS TO THE VCHK

At the end of the summer I was called into the Party Bureau and there I met a person in the uniform of the NKVD. ~~Max I~~ ^(greeted him.)

"You are a Communist?" my new acquaintance asked me suddenly.

"Candidate," I answered and got scared. "What does he want from me?" I wondered.

"You served in the army?"

"Yes, junior commander."

~~What year did you join~~ ^{When} the Komsomol?"

~~1932~~ Since 1932. Now, as you see, I am in the Party."

"Would you like to go to school?"

"Of course, but where?"

The Chekist began to speak in a steely voice, with what seemed to

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me to be a dissatisfied look on his face:

"By p rmission of the Party and the Government, we are ~~accepting~~ ^{selecting} candidates for the ~~State Protection~~ ^{School for Security}. They are accepting party members from industry. According to the recommendation of your secretary, you are fully eligible. The course runs for two years, 425 rubles [#]scholarship. Uniforms, food, and living quarters are free."

Not looking at me, the Chekist, after a minute's pause, continued:

"I think this will suit you. The ~~distinguishes~~ ^{distinguishes} you from the ~~others~~ ^{others}. ~~That~~ ^{That} means there is nothing ~~more~~ ^{more} to talk about. Today they will give the order to the plant. Studies start in two weeks. Around the 10th give your papers to the Mandate Commission of the school. You are in an esteemed position. Good luck."

And the Chekist shook my hand. In the evening I met the secretary of the Party ~~Committee~~ ^{Committee}.

"Ah, but it's fine!" he exclaimed. "I drew up the recommendation for you," he said, using the polite form. "And I called up the ~~rayon~~ ^{rayon} ~~committee~~ ^{committee}."

"You?" I said in surprise, repeating the polite form. "Whose idea was it to elevate me to 'you'?"

~~Growing suddenly confused,~~ ^P the secretary of the ~~party~~ ^{Committee} ~~committee~~.

grew suddenly... Puzel said
 said, returning the familiar form said:

"Well, you see....now you are somebody. Remember that we did
 nothing but the best for you. *Other things* will happen, ~~something~~, brother. We are
 still friends, though, huh?"

I shook his hand and assured him that we were still friends, and
 would stay friends. It was awkward for me. They had still to accept me in the
 school and already I was putting on airs. I wanted them to reject me. How
 much I wanted it! In this "honored membership" ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ you will
 bang your shins up.
 probably ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~. But all the same you have to go whole hog. It
 doesn't matter. There is no other way out. But already I am daydreaming:
 perhaps I shall find members of my family? Perhaps someone is still alive?

I told my wife. On the next day, as proposed, assignments were
 made. Where were they sending me? Not far at all, to the Mezhray school of
 the NKVD in Khar'kov. It seemed to that I was taking the trip and going no-
 where, not to a nearby place, but to the frightening unknown.

~~After~~ *P* in ~~xxxxxxx~~ two or three days I walked along the streets
 of Khar'kov to that familiar building, that building which people ~~in~~ passing
 by to involuntarily breathe differently than before, and to look differently
 than before. And along this simple route, everything seemed to be threaten-
 ing me: the streets and crossroads, the houses and fences.... If I still
 could!....I ~~wasn't~~ *wasn't* entered the headquarters of the NKVD.

There in front of me was the six-story grey building. At the main entrance was a sign: "NKVD USSR. The Khar'kov Mezhray School." To the left and right of the door were little ~~signs~~ ^{Placards} with the sign: "Entrance forbidden"--one in Russian and one in Ukrainian.

Of course, this is only a school, but... And I became so frightened at the two small signs that I crossed the street. "And what if they have lured me here because they didn't want to arrest me at the plant or the apartment?" I thought.

It took me at least half an hour to get over my fear and make myself go up to the main entrance of the building.

"What can I do for you?" a Chekist asked me. He was wearing a uniform without any marks to identify his rank.

In confusion and literally trembling I told him my business. He led me into the corridor and handed me ~~me~~ ^{over} to another Chekist sitting there. This one demanded my papers, after which he took me to the fourth floor, left me at the entrance to one of the rooms and ordered me to wait. The orderlies came toward me down the corridor and stopped alongside me. These orderlies were on every floor. My thoughts ~~xxxx~~ flashed back and forth--I thought of myself, of what was awaiting me, I tried to understand "why do all orderlies have anti-gas apparatus dangling at their backs? If this is a kind of fatigue uniform, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ then why ^{the} anti-gas equipment? Perhaps they use

gas here?"

My thoughts were interrupted by my guide who returned and took me further. We stopped at a door with the sign: "Head of the Educational Section". The guide knocked and hearing someone say, "Yes", we went in. Behind an enormous desk, sitting in a red velvet chair was a Chekist. He pointed ~~to~~ a chair near the desk for me and dismissed the guide. Leafing through my papers he kept looking at me ~~sideways~~ out of the corner of his eye, and every time I was frightened: "He will ask me something and I will be unable to answer at once....It will seem suspicious..."

But he didn't ask me anything. ~~xxxxxxx~~ ^{Gathering} ~~through~~ ^{up} my papers, one after another he said, "~~xxxx~~", and ~~xxxx~~ picked up the telephone. In response to his call, this time a civilian entered.

"Go with this comrade", the head of the educational section said to me.

The civilian led me into a large room on the floor below. It resembled an auditorium. In it were rows of tables and by each two chairs.

"You can sit down here. Wait for further orders."

The civilian Chekist left and I was alone. In a few moments he returned bringing me paper, ink and a pen.

"Write a declaration to the ~~xxxx~~ ^{director} of the school"

I started to write, trying to chase away the thoughts that were

bothering me: "I am writing a declaration. That means I am asking to be allowed...." I would given a lot for ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ a refusal. If they had said to me, "We have no openings, We can't take you."

"Well, are you through?"

"Yes," I answered, rising, and then I saw that two more men had come into the room, and one of these two was asking the question.

"Your handwriting is excellent!" The one who asked the question

smiled.

"I worked as clerk on the division staff."

"Yes. Well, sit down for about 15 minutes. We'll be back soon."

Again I was alone. I wanted to smoke, but I was afraid. Perhaps I could step out? No, I didn't dare move from my chair. I felt as if I were in prison.

The "hosts" returned and told me to come back in two days. ~~XXXXXX~~ Leaving--~~almost~~ tearing out--the school, I saw the streets, the crossroads, the houses and fences in their customary peaceful light. For a while I was free! For a while.....

After hearing my story, Grigoriy Fedorovich Korneyev said:

"Try as hard as you can to stay in school."

EXAMINATION. MANDATE COMMISSION

In ~~the~~ two days I went to school and again they took ^{me} into the

auditorium. This time there were 14 other candidates sitting there. Some had come, like me, ~~by assignment~~ ^{on assignment from} their industry. Others were ~~xxx~~ junior commanders of the Red Army, still wearing their uniforms with their insignia in their buttonholes. I signed over my captain's epaulets." It turned out that we were to take an examination to test our general knowledge. They examined us approximately in the program of the sixth grade of an incomplete secondary school: mathematics, Russian, and Ukrainian, all in one day. Then they let us go till the next day at 8 a. m.

The following there was an examination in our grounding in politics. They called us in turn. They gave me several questions based on Yaroslavskiy's textbook. I answered them in what seemed to me a satisfactory manner. I even risked speaking of "the labors of Comrade Stalin" and it brought forth a smile of approval from the examiner, who was marking something in his notebook. The examination ended around 12 o'clock. They gathered us into the corridor and led us into an enormous dining room, seating about 200 people. Tables for four. Snow white table cloths. Vases with flowers in them. Waiters set our places with knives and forks. They brought baskets containing white bread ^{and butter} in thin slices. Borshch was served in soup bowls. Everyone served himself with as much as he wanted. The ~~hot meal~~ ^{entree} consisted of pork chops and porridge and was also given in separate dishes. The third course consisted of fruit jelly pudding and ice cream.

One must suppose that we were all thinking the same thing, these from the army and those from ~~management~~ ^{industry}; we had never seen such dinners, ~~and~~ old men had told us about such dinners, and we had not believed them.

There was also a ^tconcession in the dining room. Someone else and I went over there.

"Please give me a pack of "New Khar'kov" cigarettes," as independently as I could.

The lady in charge gave me a pack and I gave ~~her~~ ^{her} three rubles. Since these cigarettes cost 2 rubles and 75 kopeks at that time, I was surprised to get 1 ruble and 85 kopeks in change.

"You made a mistake," I said.

"No," the lady smiled, "that is the price here: 1 ruble and 85 kopeks.

All prices at the concession were considerably lower than the prices of the Soviet market, and each of us bought something.

Then we were allowed to go until the following ~~day~~ ^{day} and we went home.

There was a letter waiting for me at home. My wife ~~know~~ wrote the usual: greetings, various simple facts about daily ~~living~~ ^{life}, but she was disturbed. My school frightened her. It represented the beginning of hell to her. Of course, she could not write openly about her fears. My father-in-law sent her a letter, saying he regretted the stupidities he had committed; he praised me for my choice of a new ~~road~~ ^{road} of life, he promised his help and

it had lasted only two hours, and not longer; I was of proletarian origin, ~~had been taken to court~~ and there was no evidence, --in word, ~~xxxx~~ my ~~my parents were~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ books were clean. However, I had to ~~xxxx~~ add a statement to the questionnaire saying that everything in it was the whole truth. We both signed it--he and I.

The Junior Lieutenant gave me a breather for ten minutes, after which the duty officer of the school took me to the fifth floor, opened the door of one of the rooms, and let me ~~xxxx~~ ⁱⁿ through. The room was such as neither I nor anyone else could have seen before. The walls were entirely covered with a red material, on the walls were ~~xxxxxx~~ portraits of the leaders, enormous, ~~xxx~~ covering the whole space between two windows, was a portrait of the most ~~xxxxxx~~ N. I. Yezhov, "the Iron People's Commissar". In the middle of the room was a massive round table, behind the table three well-fed Chekists: a senior lieutenant ~~xxx~~ ^{State Security}, a lieutenant, and a Junior Lieutenant. At both windows sat Chekists without insignia, ~~xxx~~ secretary-stenographers. They seated me ~~xxx~~ at the table, face to face with the trio of loud-voiced bitters.

"Do you smoke?" the senior lieutenant turned to me kindly and gave the box a push.

I thanked him and lit my cigarette.

"Your name?"

I answered. — 20 —

"You filled out your questionnaire?"

"Yes, comrade ^{Director} ~~leader~~."

"Correctly?"

"And how else but?" I put on a naive act.

"Can you answer some questions?"

I said I was ready and the senior lieutenant whispered something to his neighbor on the right, the lieutenant. He for some reason rose and and for some reason explained to me that the Commission intends to interrogate me and I must answer precisely and without hesitation.

"I am all ready", ^{I said} again I express ~~my~~ readiness to lie.

"How old are you?"

I answer ~~as~~ if I had just torn myself loose from a chain.

"In what year did you work in such-and-such a place?" Where was your father working in 1913? "The questions follow ~~one~~ another, falling like stones. I answered quickly.

"Why was your father arrested in 1931?"

This was so sudden that I ~~almost~~ ~~wasn't able to~~ ~~express~~ struck speechless, but I caught myself even with this well-aimed blow.

"My father was never arrested," I answered with feigned astonishment, and I felt that I ~~almost~~ have botched up the truth--the truth about my real father, not my pretended father. I glanced sideways at the sten-

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The door opened, and on the doorstep, frozen into ~~silence~~,
 stood an astonished old man, about seventy years old, with fine light eyes,
 a pince-nez, and a gray beard.

"Hands up!" And ~~there was~~ ^{they stood} the old man, utterly stupified, ~~already~~
 standing with his ~~hands~~ ^{face} to the wall. Leaving me to watch him, the ~~special~~
 agent went into the apartment. In five minutes he brought out the wife
 and two children (the son, 14 years old, and the daughter, 17) of the engi-
 eer, pushed them up against the same wall with their faces turned toward it.
 All three were in their underwear.

"If anyone turns around, looks at anything, or moves one foot
 he will be shot immediately!" the ~~agent~~ ^{field} agent explained.

The victims ~~stood~~ ^{froze} with their hands up and their faces
 pressed to the wall. The commandant of the house entered.

"Ah! Fine! You are the commandant!" Our ~~agent~~ ^{field} agent turned to
 him as if he saw him for the first time.

"Yes."

"Be a witness. I am ~~conducting~~ ^{conducting} an investigation at Citizen Lavrin's.
 The order was brought to you. Let's go."

The pogrom began with the kitchen. ~~If~~ ^{the} the Lavrins' had not been
 standing with their faces to the wall, they would have seen how their dishes
 and supplies were thrown out of the cupboards, how the broken plates and glass

fell out of the doors of the cupboard, how even the partitions and shelves were pulled out. ^{Toss} ~~X~~ Steels and table were smashed. The mutilated things they ~~kicked~~ ^{kicked} into the corner with their feet after careful inspection. Before we went away, I saw briefly that in the other rooms everything was upside-down; this was the picture which I had seen in our apartment on that day when my life was torn to pieces to start anew. Yes...anew.

Having worked over everything diligently, the ~~special~~ ^{field} agent returned and ordered:

"About face!"

The Lavrins turned around, of course, without any finesse, practically falling from exhaustion, and for this were cursed soundly:

"About face hell! You don't even know how to turn around...Well, we'll teach you fast!"

The ~~special~~ ^{field} agent told Lavrins that he had confiscated all kinds of ~~papers~~ ^{papers}, part of the books, and plans. Not having a confiscation form with him, he ordered Lavrin to sign a note which ~~xxxxxx~~ said that nothing had been stolen during the search.

"Drop your hands, hold them out in front of you!" he ordered the other members of the engineer's family. Laughing at the old woman's engagement ring ("....They ~~are~~ ^{allowed to} you get married in the church, or did you get it as a gift ~~for doing foreign espionage?~~ ^{for doing foreign espionage?}"), he took it off her finger and put it in his pocket.

Returning the signed note, the engineer asked:

"Who is going to pay me for ruining everything?"

"Comrade Yezhov," the ~~agent~~^{field} agent answered with a laugh and gave the old man a push, "get yourself ready. Here is the order for the search, and here--the order for your arrest."

I will not undertake to describe their farewell--it was indescribable. Even I was ~~beside~~^{beside} myself and tried to remain indifferent, at least to outward appearances. In five or ten minutes we were heading for a new address, to new pillaging. On the way we turned in to headquarters and left Lavrin with a ~~little~~ group of other unfortunates, who had been ~~given~~^{given} here in great number.

The car took us ~~to~~^{to} the outskirts.

"Who else?" I dared to ask the Chekist.

"Who? The same kind of counter-revolutionary. He lives in some suspicious manner, not in a proletarian way. He has an enormous family--six, and only he works, and he has built himself a house. I questioned the ~~house~~^{industry} to see whether he ~~steals~~^{is} from them. But they say he's clean as far as they are concerned. ~~How~~^{How} does he ~~get~~^{make} his living? Our informer told us that there are suspicious people in that house, that is, that they come to see him. That's ~~all right!~~^{all right!} Today we ~~will~~^{will} find out. About where he gets his means of support and about his friends. It's looks as if we ~~are~~^{are} almost there....."

The car slowed down and turned into the alley, a minute more and we had stopped at a house bearing more resemblance to a hut than a house: adobe walls with holes in them which evidently passed for windows, an unfinished roof--part of sheet iron, and part of straw; straw was sticking out of the window frames. There was no porch or anything resembling it, and so the house looked bare.

But still this house was a refuge for six people and perhaps it covered their nakedness, their lack of protection from the misfortunes of Soviet life. The name of the owner was written on a warped and peeling board: "No. ...Voroshilovskiy Alley. Sizov."

A dead silence, little moonlight. We got out of the car. Following the Chekist, I thought sadly: "Can they reproach these people because they have such a poor little house? At least we had a farm....What is the government envious of?"

The ~~special~~^{field} agent freed his gun from its holster and knocked on the door. Behind the door someone answered: "Who the devil is it at an hour like this!--and then the door^{was} opened wide by some trusting soul, without any question like "Who's there?" or "What do you want?"

"Hands up!" the ~~special~~^{field} agent ordered and pushed a gun and flashlight into the doorway.

He had to repeat his order because the man opening the door for

us had turned to stone at the unexpected sight.

"About face!"

The person turned his back to us, holding his shaking hands over his head.

"Search him!" the Chekist told me, but I found nothing in the pockets of this unfortunate "capitalist". "Drop your hands!"

We went into the house which consisted of two small rooms (one not yet completed) and a tiny kitchen. On the table in the first room ~~xxxx~~ burned a kerosene lamp. On the packed earth floor beneath some ramshackle furniture slept four children. Sizov's wife, wrapped in a blanket, like a heavy shawl, looked at us without a word, shuddering lightly every so often. The Chekist ordered her to pick up the children, and then stood the whole family with their faces to the wall, but this time he did not order them to hold their hands over their heads, and this eased my heart a little. I pitied the sleepy children, the oldest of which was thirteen to fourteen years old and the youngest six. This kindness I explained to myself as the depressing impression of the whole atmosphere ^{which} in the engineer Sizov lived. And my Chekist, even he took his cue from it.

There was nothing to break and smash--the furniture corresponded to the house in quality and to the "suspicious income of the Sizovs: a table with its legs pounded into the floor, handmade stools, two hundred ~~year~~ ^{year} old

chairs, a wooden trunk, a double bed, also home-made. In the unfinished room firewood lay about. The search ended quickly, and the ~~special~~ ^{field} Agent himself gave permission to put the children to bed. But we took the engineer to ~~the NKVD administrative office~~ ^{headquarters} ~~and~~ at 7 Sovnarkomovskaya Street.

I want to describe this place--after the sight of the Sizov residence it turned my thoughts to contrasts in Soviet life.

The square seven-story building occupies 200 thousand square meters. From Sovnarkomovskaya Street there are two main entrances: entrances to the NKVD and the YUKM (Administration of the Workers'-Peasants' Militia). In the middle are iron gates--the entrance into the courtyard. On the opposite, western side of ~~the~~ house is Ivanova Street. The lower floor is used as a garage, the seventh--for the closed membership cooperative store for the workers ~~and~~ NKVD. On the south side (Dzerzhinskiy Street) are driveways for entering branches of UGB (Administration for State ^{Security} ~~Investigation~~) in which questioning is done. On the north is the central bureau of permits, the cooperative store, and the militia school. In the courtyard is an inside prison of three stories, surrounded by a cement wall 6-7 meters high. The windows ~~of the~~ building face the court and are always shuttered. Not even NKVD workers can go up to them. Therefore in the cooperative store, in the bureau of permits, in YUKM and the school the windows are painted white and sealed up tight.

we drove into the courtyard. The duty officer came to the
courtyard and asked us to go to the rear of the building and
wait.

"Stand over here, you are not allowed to move!"

They pushed up against the big group of arrested people and
the wall. They were so close to the wall and their hands were behind their heads. I
looked with a bit of satisfaction at the fact that no one looked around,
with one hand on the wall and the other behind the arrested people. The arrested
ones had been warned that anyone seeing anything from the guard would receive
a bullet in the back for his trouble.

The ~~field~~ ^{not} ~~guard~~ ^{not} called me over and told me that I was ^{not} going
with him any more, and led me out onto the courtyard where a truck was
picking up students.

It was 6 o'clock in the morning when we reached home. We had
breakfast and then to our studies. After dinner we again learned the consti-
tution by rote, the rights of the USSR citizen, the inviolability of the
one's residence...

In the next 24 hours they brought us to the same club again at
8 in the evening. The ~~head~~ ^{name} of the KGB summed up the deeds of our ~~operation~~ ^{operation}.
He was lively, gay and with relish ~~named~~ ^{named} the figure of those arrested that
night from among the "class-alien elements" as 5,000.

"The ~~new~~^{city} has been purged," he said, "and so has the ~~new~~^{ra/en} adjoining it. The safety of the ~~new~~ workers at election time has been ~~new~~ completely ~~new~~ secure."

"But we ought not to rest on our laurels," he raised his voice. "Comrade Stalin is teaching us to work with the masses."

What did he mean by that? Without going any deeper into the Stalin theory of management by the people, by the masses, the ~~new~~ went to ~~new~~ an analysis of the work of the students. His face showed sincere distress and at the same time severity.

"The newly selected students", he said, "have worked rather badly. This means that they do not yet have the hearts of Chekists. ~~new~~ must break yourselves of habits acquired in the army and in ~~management~~^{industry}. We have our own ~~management~~^{industry}, our own tasks, and manner of working. If you yourselves do not reach a crisis in your characters, we will head you without the help of a doctor--be so kind! Today I do not want to consider individuals. I will only say that of the junior students only two or three worked well. The ~~new~~^{director} of the school and I have decided to put all students in the junior course with ~~new~~^{field} agents during the elections in the Supreme Soviet. Then we shall do a total and personal evaluation--shall draw conclusions about everyone."

He emphasized the last words.

"Let's have a break. The junior students may leave."

The next morning they announced to us that theoretical studies were to be replaced by practical work and they read us a list--who was to go with what ~~special~~ ^{field} agent. I was among six students under Sergeant Yanovich of State ~~Security~~ ^{Security}. At ten o'clock we appeared at the administration and ~~told~~ ^{gave} the number the room which had been assigned to us. The guard led us into the bureau of permits. We got our permit and returned and the guard, pressing the button of the electric bell, called a second guard from the corridor. In the corridor the same thing took place again. The second guard also rang a bell and called a third guard who directed us to Room 214.

Behind us entered a Chekist 26-28 years old, a striking brunette with black eyes. He introduced himself:

"Sergeant of ~~State Security~~ ^{State Security} Yanovich."

Then he berated us:

"It is already 11:10 and you, comrades, were to have been here at 10 sharp. I see no discipline exercised. And probably you will fulfill your task in the same way?"

"We were here on time," we said, justifying ourselves. "But ~~the~~ ^{before}

~~because~~ ^{each} we ~~got~~ ^{got} to you, comrade ~~director~~ ^{director}, we had to lose half an hour."

"If it were possible to just come right in here without any trouble, this place would be full of enemies of the people, and they would do what they set out to do. It is ~~xxxxx~~ no easy matter to get in here, but

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to get away from us ^{is} ~~is~~ even harder. That is why we are Chekists."

One of the group said a stupid thing:

"Did we steal in here, Comrade ^{Stalin} ~~Lenin~~?"

The sergeant looked at us maliciously, and his face became stony.

"We'd better get on with the work."

He open the portpolio with papers, took out a sheet and began to write something. Then he lifted his head, looked ~~at~~ us over carefully once more and began:

"Comrades! I am going to make this brief. I suppose that you are well up on things political. When it comes to special work, you are floundering. I don't mean to boast but I got my rank ^{as} ~~of~~ sergeant of ^{State Security} ~~protection~~ without going through the school. This doesn't happen to everyone and it isn't natural to everyone. Besides," he pointed to his chest, "here the mark of an esteemed Chekist, the reward of the government!"

"So this means....Now you see yourselves," he continued, "by order of the ^{Director} ~~Director~~ of UNKVD I am to teach your future work. And I shall begin here. There is one week left till elections in the Supreme Soviet. The working people will vote for candidates from the ~~Communist~~ ^{Communist} bloc and from those outside the party. Under my direction, you and I are to assure safety to our ^{voting} ~~electoral~~ district. We shall also ^{have} ~~also~~ students from the militia school ^{working} ~~with~~ us. Their job is to guard and to watch outside all

~~the building~~⁵ ~~pieces~~ and our job is to work among the members of the commission and within the buildings where people will be voting. I will try to give each of you a separate job."

After resting a moment, but always sweeping us with a questioning glance, Yanovich continued:

"You know that in the last few days we have arrested around 5,000 of the dangerous element, but ~~do not~~⁺ think this is to be all. No, there are plenty of these people around. So that you will personally convinced of this, I will call in the people we arrested and you will hear their own personal ~~acknowledgements~~^{confessions}. This will ~~be~~^{be} practice for you in conducting an ~~inquiry~~^{interrogation}. Tomorrow come here at 8 o'clock in the morning sharp. You won't have to wait--I will hand in an order to the bureau of permits. Here, take this--a permit to let you out of here--till tomorrow then!"

WE CONTINUE TO DO PRACTICAL WORK

The following morning at 8 o'clock sharp we were there again. .

Our "instructor" met in the driveway with the permit ready. In his room he spent five minutes more emphasizing the necessity for vigilance, and then he put on his overcoat, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ buckled his belt with the holster on it, and without looking at us, he bent his head, as if in emphasis and in secrecy, opened the drawer of the desk and pulled out a revolver. Putting the revolver into the holster, he laughed.

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"Not one snake will get away alive from this baby."

He drew ⁱⁿ a picture of himself ~~consciously~~ ⁱⁿ our eyes, now puffing out his chest, now nimbly turning. Then we all left to go to the ~~voting~~ ^{voting} district. By coincidence the house where Grigoriy Fedorovich Korneyev lived was in this district and the building where the voting was going on was not far from it.

First we were acquainted with the building in detail. On the left side ~~there~~ ^{the} was a stage, such as ^{for} a play. Behind it, along the walls, booths had been ~~set~~ ^{set} up. In the middle of the room stood an urn. The general preliminary giving of instructions began, with the preliminary arrangement of forces. I was instructed to watch those making their way to the booths with ~~ballots~~ ^{ballots} in their hands.

"Allow me to ^{report} ~~to~~, Comrade ^{direction} ~~leader~~!"

"Yes."

"Before I entered the school, I lived along here and many of my acquaintances know that I am studying in the NKVD school. Would it be suitable for me to appear in ~~xx civilian dress~~ ^{plain clothes}, and even more to stand about seemingly doing nothing?"

"You are right, Comrade Brazhnev," Yanevich answered. "I will think about it and tomorrow I will tell you what your job will be."

Some of the students were seated at the table and practiced giving out ~~ballots~~ ^{ballots}. They were the ones who had been assigned to watch

the commission itself. Other ^{ask us} students (their ~~task~~ to watch the booths) pre-
tended to be voters. When a "voter" came up to the table, the "member of the
commission" politely asked ^{for} his family name, first name, ~~xxxxx~~ patronimic name,
address, voting number, and papers. Here it was necessary to look straight
into his eyes. Handing over the ^{ballot} ~~envelope~~, they conducted the "voter" to the
booth, obsequiously offering him a pencil (there were pencils in the booths)
and when he came out of the booth he did not go toward the urn. Then they
~~xxxxxx~~ pointed it out to him, and standing by the urn they intercepted the
"voter" with ^{their eyes} and watched him until he ^{he relinquished the balloted} ~~gave the ballot in~~.

After the rehearsal, which in general went off without a hitch,
we were allowed to leave till the next day. For five days the rehearsals
continued, and each time the instructions became more ~~xxx~~ precise. Suddenly
one day they called our group in to the ^{director} ~~head~~ of the school at 10 in the
evening: at exactly ^{24.00 hrs} ~~24.00 hrs~~ were to appear before Sergeant Yanevich.

Yanevich was gay, as if slightly drunk.

"Well, here you are!" he greeted us. "Today I will show some-
thing new. You are going to attend an ^{interrogation} ~~lesson~~. The first time I'll ask the
questions and you'll learn. Pay attention. The next time you are going to
do the questioning. The ^{director} ~~head~~ of the administration ordered that each student
learn the technique of conducting an ^{interrogation} ~~lesson~~."

Picking up the telephone Yanevich arranged for a prisoner to

he brought in.

"Get me that old crackpot", he said into the telephone, "yes,

that one...I'll give him a working over."

Laughing, Yanevich put the phone and said to us:

"Let's go!"

We went along the corridors and down the stairs into the cellar and ~~went~~ into Room 276. They switched on the light. The room was approximately 6 by 6, without windows, the walls and door were covered with dirt, whitened a little. In the far left corner was a table with chairs on both sides of it. On the inner side of the door hung a sheet of paper about a meter by 80 centimeters on which a large number of dots were sprinkled.

I looked at this "picture" in perplexity:

"You're surprised?" Yanevich asked gaily. "You'll see, right now!"

The door opened. On the threshold ~~stood~~ a Chekist stood ~~xxxxxx~~

... frozen to attention, two triangular insignia in his buttonholes.

"May I bring him, Comrade ^{chief} ~~xxxxxx~~?"

"Yes," Yanevich tossed off briefly and rushed to the door.

They led a man into the room but we did not get to see his face.

Yanevich turned him face to the wall so quickly.

"Stand the way I taught you!" Yanevich ordered and passed him a match. The man, without turning, began to measure the distance from the door

with the match--10 matches distance--then he stopped.

"Eyes front, hands at the side, ass in! What's the matter, have you forgotten?" the Chekist yelled at the top of his lungs. Dropping to a normal tone, Yanovich ordered: "Now count! Louder, louder! I'll see how much you count in half an hour...."

I looked at the students: ~~all~~ every face reflected envy of Yanovich and his lieutenant. We had, of course, not expected such a questioning. Yanovich, leaning in a chair, very guily and with great satisfaction ^{and} smirked. The poor man counted and counted and counted....Then he began to lag, and the door swung wide open smacking him in the face. He fell, covered with blood. Yanovich got up, took a flask of water and ~~poured~~ ^{threw} it over the victim's head. When he came to, they picked him up, and I recognized him as the ^{aircraft engine} ~~engineer~~. Lavrin. What an encounter!

To recognize that I knew him, but--with difficulty and horror: instead of a face there was a bloody mass, black and blue spots and open wounds on his cheeks, his eyes were barely noticeable openings surrounded ~~with~~ by a swollen mass. It was horrible ^{not to} look at him, but to talk with him.

"Will you give in?" shouted the sadist.

"I am not guilty of anything," Lavrin answered quietly.

"Aha...not guilty? Here, here, here"--Yanovich beat the engineer in the face with a tightly clenched fist, on this swelling, on these

wounds.

The hungry and tortured man could not stand this. In a moment he again lay on the floor, and these louses began to kick him, ~~with their~~

~~feet.~~

The students, as if ordered ~~to do so~~, jumped up and drove the sadists back. It was clear from their faces that they were almost ready to kill Yanevich, but--only almost: fear seizes all Soviet activity, even "on the outside among the citizenry."

In a flash the door opened ~~and~~ two ordinary soldiers entered. It ~~must be~~ ^{have been} that they had in some way observed what was going on in the room. They carried away the beaten man. We ~~getting our~~ ^{quickly} release, ~~went~~ home.

The next day there was no practice, there were no classes. The students met in groups and talked over their recent impressions. Each had something that disturbed his peace of mind and soul.

The face I had seen was nothing in comparison with what many other students had seen and lived through.

Maysyuk told us:

"I got assigned to senior ~~Field~~ ^{Security} agent, junior ^{hearty} lieutenant of State ~~Protection~~ Fridman. He gave us a ~~very~~ welcome and treated us to cigarettes. Then he led ^{us} to a secluded spot in NKVD in the dark. We had to

use a flashlight. We got to a certain room. The room was like any room, tables and chairs. But it was clear at once that this room was equipped for torture. At one of the walls there a marble slab and before it a chair with the legs sealed to the floor. Over the chair trailed many wires. Fridman winked at us:

'Now here is ~~a~~^{this} little gadget, eh?'

"He went to the table, pressed some kind of button, and an ordinary Chekist appeared. Fridman winked at him too. The man went out and returned with one of the prisoners, a man of forty, but so tortured that you would have said seventy: a skeleton, skin and bones, unshaven, barely able to stand on his feet."

Maysyuk sighed and, stopping, turned to us, upset and almost crying:

"And can it be that we shall 'work' this way too? I'll speak to the ~~head~~^{director} of the school. One can't do things this way!"

Gathering himself together, he continued:

"Will you confess?" the junior lieutenant asked.

"What?"

"You mean you don't know?"

"No."

"How much did you get from the English espionage service?" *What*

was the job they assigned you?'

"What are you talking about?' the prisoner exclaimed and began to cry.

"Stop ~~wasting~~ ^{crying}! Moscow doesn't believe ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ tears. If you don't ~~xxx~~ confess I'll give you something you won't like--right here in front of the students. They are future Chekists. Well?'

"Do what you wish, sir. I am not mixed up in anything. I was a worker, I ~~didn't~~ ^{had} completed my share of the norm, to 150 percent even. Of course I am not blaming you. Someone slandered me. He ought to be ashamed to lie like that and destroy people!'

"Shut up! What are you trying to do, upset me? Or them so they'll help you, these students? I'll teach you, you son of a bitch!'

"At a sign from the junior lieutenant an ordinary soldier standing at the door went over to the prisoner and dragged him to the chair opposite the marble slab. Together with Fridman they sat him in it and put an iron ring on his head and began to squeeze his head with it.

"Will you confess?'

"No, do what you wish.'

"Fridman attached the ring to a wire and it began [#] to squeeze the man's head automatically. After a slight pause he asked:

"Will you confess?'

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"There was no answer. They unhooked and eased up on the ring.

The prisoner sat with eyes fixed on one point. They gave him water. He came to. Fridman gave him a lit cigarette, but when he had taken the second puff, Fridman pulled it out his mouth, screaming:

"Will you confess, you bastard, I'm asking you?!"...

"No."

"Attach it! And put the bracelets on him."

"The ring began to tighten, and Fridman's aide started to fiddle around with the torturing apparatus.

"From the floor ~~xxxxxxx~~ two hooks protruded about a half meter

from each other. In the middle a ring was screwed in. They tightly fastened

~~the~~ the foot of the torturing machine. His feet were fast to the floor.

"Tie his back to the chair! Like that. Pull the cord...."

P "On the wall was a roller with the string wound onto it. The end of the string went through the ring in the floor and fastened to the ring.

"Attach it!" And the roller started to turn, winding the string onto itself, and the ~~xxx~~ prisoner's head was bowed to the floor.

"The student ^{ran} Koshkin could not stand it. He ran up to Fridman and with a swing of his hand struck him right in the face. There was a great to-do. They freed the prisoner. Three Chekists ran into the room and led him away. They sent us home...."

Maysyuk spoke heatedly, part of the time with fury and noticeably not in control of himself. Getting up, he shouted:

"No! I'm going to the ~~director~~ of the school just the same." And

he left the room.

He had hardly left when Koshkin ~~appeared.~~ ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

We knew that he had been arrested immediately upon our return from the "practice session".

"Well, what happened?" We rushed toward him.

P "Everything is all right ~~comrades.~~ I have nothing to be afraid of. My socialist position is clear and clean. In the "jug" (as we called the guardhouse) the ~~director~~ of the school came to see me. I told him the whole story. He heard me out and told them to let me go. He's going to have it out with Friedman. That rat won't get away with this."

Hardly any of us could have expected such consequences from our first practice in "interrogations". But we were partly glad that we had ~~known~~ known how to exert ourselves as individuals and that regardless of us, they had let Koshkin go!

Not only now, when the past can be looked at as not so horrible as it was in actuality, but even then when it was taking place, I came to this conclusion: people will be people until the totalitarian system, reasoned out and cruel, squeezes the last drop of their compassion out of them by

the pressure of the socialist state. But then, the majority of the students had been shaken by these "practice tasks" and had become indignant!

There are, however, some readymade examples; these are human beasts who easily assume the role of executioners. They have no particular need to mess around with professors and trainers for long. They are already thoroughly educated in Soviet reality, they have soaked up its essence, and ~~XXXX~~ nourished themselves with the poison of bolshevism.

Here is the story of ~~xxx~~ student named Goncharuk. We heard the story of this "hero" the same day as Maysyuk's, but it was after dinner. All I knew of him was that he had grown ~~up~~ among the workers and had been sent by ~~industry~~. To look into his face you would not have said that he was an unusual person. A person like any other person, without anything to distinguish him, as they say. He told his story, choking:

"I don't know why they separated me from the rest of you. I wasn't in any of your groups. They put me with Vishnevskiy. He is a ^{field} ~~special~~ agent sergeant. He didn't talk to me very long and we went to the cellar.

"D.K., so we go into a room, down there in the cellar. They brought in a subject. One of those powerfully-built bastards! But they bent the hell out of him all the same. Well, in the beginning, of course, they toyed with him--for no reason asked him about this and that. They didn't give him a kick in the teeth whether he said anything or not, and no, he says,

he's not guilty. But Vishnevskiy ~~had~~^{had} told me while we still upstairs what to do and how. We got mad. Why didn't the bastard say something? I went up to him and punched him in the ear. And again. He fell down, the devil, even though ~~he~~^{he} was a big guy. The man on duty picked him up. They let him ~~come~~^{come} to.

"Will you confess now?" Vishnevskiy asked him.

"Not a word from the louse.

"Sit him down!" Vishnevskiy ordered, and they sat the bastard in the middle of the room on a chair. They told him to hold his hands out in front of him and to lift up his head. I went over and knocked the chair out from under him. And he--plop, right on the floor, head first. The boards sounded, and how he howled!.....

"Vishnevskiy said to him:

"Well, have you had enough?" he says. "Will you ~~tell us~~^{say} now? Still ~~nothing?~~^{nothing?} O.K., boys." He said this to the man on duty and me.

"Honestly, we must have broken ~~his~~^{his} ribs. And all of a sudden the blood came gushing out of his mouth! I just jumped aside in time, or the bastard would have messed me up...But he still wouldn't confess! What endurance the bastard has! I wouldn't have stood it--Would have confessed. You could say we really crippled him, like God did the turtle. I am going again today. We'll finish him off!

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"What are they ~~doing~~ ^{accusing} him ~~it~~ ^{it}, one of the students asked.

"The devil knows! Vishnevskiy says he's a big bastard."

"And you mean to say you crippled him without knowing why?"

"Why do I have to know? They arrested him. It means they must have a reason. It doesn't concern me. And why are you protecting the bastard?"

"Oh, he's a bastard? You're sure, you're convinced?"

The students frowned. Seeing ~~that~~ that things had not turned out as he expected, Gonchar^{uk} ~~also~~ left quickly, as if he had to go somewhere.

And in every room of the dorm and along the corridors had temper and gloominess spread--the instinctive expression of our powerlessness and our captivity. In the beginning we "exchanged experiences", then we whispered a bit, then we fell silent altogether.

^{authorities}
The ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ made a fuss. As if warned against speaking to the students, our commanders poked about the corridors with their portfolios under their arms. They were looking for some kind of ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ decision, and we felt that this fussing was connected with our frame of mind.

Finally, the order was given. Both courses were marched into the club. The ~~director~~ ^{deputy} commissar of the school announced the meeting with

straightforwardness. We sat down. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ A word was said by the guest

a high personage from the UNKVD. It seems he was the head of some department.

We evaluated the situation quickly. Evidently, the authorities had ~~been~~ ^{not} been able

to cut short ~~any~~ whispering and obvious protests by merely giving an order to the school, and in general the authority of the UNKKVD was necessary.

The speaker started with the fact that, here, he ~~says~~, Comrade Stalin wants to strengthen the ranks of the Chekists with people from ~~industry~~ and the army. Without connecting ~~with~~ this thought with the next, he spoke with feigned contemplation.

He sort of analyzed our practical experience with great condescension: we had still ~~not~~ taken in or come up against examples of the way the enemy of the people works in the midst of the Chekists themselves. He carefully attacked the ~~special~~ ^{field} agents who willingly or unwillingly play in ~~the~~ hands of counter-revolutionaries.. Not all of them, of course, but some. In using force with persons under investigation, some Chekists ~~allow~~ permit political mistakes (he used the word "blunders").

"We shall not pat them on the head for that," he said. We, comrades, cannot permit force as a system. But, at the same time, comrades, situations arise when it is impossible to bypass some force. Your lack of experience still hinders you from being able to differentiate when force is necessary (he emphasized this word) and when it is a crime. Our iron-man, Stalin-like People's Commissar, Comrade Yezhov, teaches us how to differentiate the malicious and stubborn from the innocent. We must bring the malicious and stubborn out into the open for the chief reason of saving the

innocent and ~~conduct~~.

Everything he said had enough obscurity to it, and we clearly discerned both the false tone, and the false logic of the speech by the representative of the NKVD.

"I think, comrades," he said in conclusion, "that everything ought to remain in strictest secrecy. Just one word breathed outside the walls of the school, and the one to blame will find things very unhealthy for him."

We understood his tone and the sense of his phrase, and the ~~man~~ ^{director} of the school found it easier to talk now ~~in~~ ^{with} a commanding tone when he mentioned what had gone on in our midst. He demanded that "these conversations come to an end", and in addition he told us to report personally to him ~~and~~ everything that was blameworthy from our point of view. He promised us a detailed ~~analysis~~ ^{analysis} of it and a rapid response.

"We are entirely to blame," he said in self-criticism; "We did not forewarn you, we did not instruct you ^{thoroughly} as was necessary. There has been nothing of this sort until now. You are a new lot in the school, a mixed crowd, different."

Making many reproaches ^{in his address} which boded no good to the junior course, the ~~head~~ ^{director} of the school said that the practice sessions would cease because we, together with the whole country, ~~had~~ ^{had} to be used in the ^{election} campaign.

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in the Supreme Soviet. Then the meeting was closed. The students understod completely the main thing in both speeches: they had to keep their mouths shut. Conversations slowly ceased altogether, but the subject had been exhausted, strictly speaking. We had told one another everything we had witnessed in those "practice" days. The excitement abated, but the poison lay somewhere in the depths of our consciousness and could not help being reflected in the very ~~behavior~~ ^{way of life} of our ~~behavior~~.

Up to the time of this lesson, we had acted like little boys, ~~conducting~~ ^{behaving} ourselves like students of the younger classes of an ordinary school. We were not overcome by fear ~~which~~ ^{that} suppressed our will. Another time we came close to the forbidden subject, but nothing serious happened. I shall give an example. We had among us a student named Miroshnichenko. At one of the amateur nights he read some verses of the Kazakh bard, ^D Dzhambul, ~~xx~~ that went something like this:

Dzhambul, you received an order,

Awarded to you by the people.

Everyone in the USSR knows that Dzhambul was illiterate, by nature a ~~simple~~ ^{shallow} fellow, but the Soviet forces need him ~~xxxxxxx~~ to show the popularity of Stalin among the masses. Now that the arch-provincial Dzhambul has risen, his "verses" have ~~been~~ ^{been} translated into Russian by more or less talented poets, and something like poetry is ~~obtained~~ ^{obtained}, ~~understood to be~~.

... really a... folk stuff, and exotic. Miroshnichenko was amusing on the stage, and the students started to call him Dzhabul, never ~~calling~~ his real name.

Miroshnichenko got insulted and tattled to the platoon commander and to other higher-ups about this one and that one of us.

"How dare you call Miroshnichenko Dzhabul? Do you understand what ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ you are doing?" the platoon commander gave someone a tongue-lashing.

"I am guilty, Comrade Platoon Commander. Permit me to add: what is insulting to Miroshnichenko if we call him Dzhabul in a friendly way?"

"Yes, but Dzhabul is a member of the government. Comrade Stalin himself esteems him. I forbid you to trample in the dust the name of an eminent poet of the people. The Party and the government, etc."

The student clicked his heels, stamped the soles of his boots, when he was finally dismissed by the platoon commander, and, three feet from the platoon commander, ~~meeting~~ *meeting* someone who was interested in the reason ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ for the rebuke, he answered:

"Oh, because of Dzhabul..."

After the "mutiny" no one any longer risked joking even this way. The NKVD considers jokes bad. We had seen proof positive down there in the cellars.

SAFEGUARDING CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS

Even so, we had to "safeguard the security of the State".

Up to now we had somehow never considered this idea, and the names of Chek-
ist ranks (or as the Soviets say, "titles")--Sergeant of State ~~Protection~~ ^{Security},
Lieutenant of State ~~Protection~~ ^{Security}, etc.). These names sounded, well, as if
"of search" or "of execution" had been, to an army rank. Lieutenant of
search, Major of execution--this would have sounded vulgar, but "State
~~Protection~~ ^{Security}--that really went well! Now, before the elections, the idea of
State ~~Protection~~ ^{Security} was disclosed; every movement of ours could be become
risky and dangerous. It was necessary to guarantee the security of the pro-
letarian state. Our profession (search and execution) was absolutely the
most necessary function in the state.

Only one day remained till ~~the~~ election day. Our group was

entrusted to the command of Sergeant of State ~~Protection~~ ^{Security} Gerasimenko.

We had to suppose that the Order-decorated Yanevich had been transferred

somewhere. Of course, we didn't for a minute believe that he was to be

disappointed ~~in~~ ^{as a} reward for his zeal. Our new patron took us to the sector

where we had rehearsed not so long ago, and got busy ~~disturbing our parts~~ ^{telling us what we}

~~were to do.~~ I had warned him, too, that it would never do for me to display
myself before my acquaintances as a suspiciously inactive Chekist-in-

~~skinning~~ plain clothes. ^{So} I was to work together with Gerasimenko.

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All of us (and Gerasimenko too) were in plain clothes, but they handed out pistols. We were given preliminary instructions on how to hide them behind the belts of our pants. We trained ourselves in this art ~~rather~~ well, and no one would have said that we were armed. Innocent as lambs in appearance, we could in a flash draw our pistols and attack like wolves.

We accepted Gerasimenko's soft, polite attitude to us with some curiosity. He agreed with us from time to time, and did not display that inability of the authoritative person to be appealed to. Of course, he had been warned about the dry mutiny of the students and had instructions not to make our fresh wounds raw.

In the course of an hour the students of the militia school came, armed with rifles and Nagant revolvers. Then the ranking militia appeared and in all, counting in military fashion, about a platoon of the militia came. The militia was in their uniforms--and the workers and the students.

The ^{field} ~~special~~ agent distributed the inside and outside posts.

The guard was ideal, even in an impossible event, i.e., if some kind of danger could really arise. No one could detect even one post. As if that were not enough, measures were taken so that the ~~Spanish~~ population would say, "Soviet ~~forces are~~ ^{power is} ours; ~~they are not~~ ^{it is afraid of nothing,} ~~we have nothing to fear~~"

It was started by the Party-Trade Union Organization, and taken ^{up} by the active of Party uncles and aunts.

Towards the evening all posts were occupied. Gerasimenko even set aside a reserve group of the militia, concentrating them in the neighboring building. The occupants were put up in other houses--temporarily, while elections were going on.

When everything was ready, Gerasimenko gave instructions to the students.

"If anyone comes up to the window of the election building or starts to dawdle there, hold him and give him to the reserve group. Do exactly the same thing with those who form crowds or groups ^{near} ~~at~~ the point. Tell me about each case immediately."

After this he gave the ~~same~~ instructions for the battle alarm, and this livened the students up, although no one imagined that it would come to that. We ~~then~~ rehearsed all night with one ten minute break for a smoke. Morning approached. Suddenly there was a knock at the door. The ~~special~~ ^{field} agent, who had driven himself into a state of half-madness during the night, jumped toward the door with his pistol in his hand, and with the look of a reckless hero, quickly threw it open. On the threshold the president of the voting commission, frightened by the pistol, stood stockstill, dumbfounded. The ~~special~~ ^{field} agent, hiding his confusion, muttered:

"We...(not he, mind you, but all of us)...We thought that enemies of the people..."

"And why would ~~hang~~ on the door?" asked the president thoughtlessly and got scared immediately after: the face of the Chekist was twisted with meanness:

We noticed this too and thought: "Oh, oh, the pres has put his foot into it!"

The members of the voting commission began to arrive. When they were all there, Gerasimenko gave them instructions: how ~~to~~ observe the voter when he came up to the table, how ~~not~~ they were not to allow him even for a second to take his eyes from the glance of the person observing him, and even, how to recognize an enemy. ~~At~~ ^{At} this Gerasimenko threw a glance at the president, and the look held nothing good in it. He ended in this way: ~~maneuver~~

"This will be rather difficult for you, but we are here. I and my deputy," Gerasimenko unexpectedly pointed to me. "We shall be here all the time."

I was glad that none of my acquaintances were on the commission. Most of all I feared lest Grigoriy Fedorovich Kornoyev should find about my "activity". He who had led me through fire, water, and the brass pipes of Bolshevism, was still my conscience: I had gone beyond the bounds of what

is permissible. It was not my fault that it happened, but it happened.

DIRECT
SECRET, ~~STRAIGHTFORWARD~~, DANGEROUS

I will now discuss how candidates were put up in the Supreme Soviet, and how the people voted unanimously for government candidates. This will show what our "work" was.

The country was broken down into ~~electoral~~^{voting} districts. In each one candidate is put up--only one. The candidates are appointed by the Party but not on the basis of democracy within the ~~Kom~~^{VKP(b)}. At the meeting of the TsK of the Party the first lists are drawn up. The whole TsK in a body is divided into ~~regions~~^{okrugs}: Stalin in one, Mikoyan in another, etc. ~~Moscow consists of~~ ^{Moscow consists of} almost entirely of members of the Politburo, for example, Stalin in the Stalinskiy Rayon (the northern part of the town), Kaganovich in let's say, in the Frunzenskiy Rayon, and Voroshilov in Krasnopresnenskiy Rayon. Part of the rayons in Moscow are left for local candidates: some well-known Stakhanovite (e.g., the boot maker, Gudov), a popular artist (e.g., Moskvin), an academician (e.g., Bakh). ~~As a result it comes out that~~^{Thus it turns out that} Moscow has forgotten no one, and among the candidates non-Party actors, writers, weavers, lacemakers have been included--"a bloc of Party and non-Party people." But Stalin, Kaganovich, Voroshilov and the other members of the Politburo will be voted ^{for} even in the outlying regions: in Siberia, in Donbas, in the Caucasus, in Middle Asia, etc. The members of the Polit-

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buro will get millions and millions of votes apiece. This is also to give the idea: the people ~~they~~ ^{say}, ~~love~~ ^{love} ~~these~~ ^{our} leaders.

It comes about this way. The Tsk of the VKP(b) gives the list in the form of an obligatory directive to the central committees of the republic and to the oblast' committees of the RSFSR. Further, the ~~district~~ rayon committees (~~committees~~) and the rayon soviets (~~soviets~~), and through them the factory, plant, kolkhoz, where the local Party-Trade Union organizations are supposed to find out who will put up the necessary name, as if personally from himself. The kolkhoz members, the workers, employees already know that a candidate is once put up, it means that the command has come from the top, and they vote with "enthusiasm". But the Tsk of the Communist Party republics (the Ukraine, Latvia, Uzbekistan, etc.), the oblast committees must also ~~xxx~~ draw up ~~list of~~ candidates. The names of these candidates go up the Party steps and are kept secret until affirmed by the Tsk of the VKP(b). This is probably the dirtiest work for the republics, oblast, kray, and rayon Party leaders, because they have to answer with their heads for every candidate put up. However, all these organs consult with ~~with~~ the local organs of the NKVD. The confirmed lists go to the voting districts, which have been divided up prior to this, and some one of the voters puts up the name of a candidate which he has secretly been told to put up.

Since the organs ~~of~~ the Soviet power and even the trade unions

are invited to take part in this business, it seems as if the whole active part of the population takes part in composing the lists, and that the candidates--here and there--are theirs, local milkmaids, tractor drivers, locksmiths, coal miners.

But if you were a worker at some plant and took part in a meeting at which candidates were being put up, and tried to say that you didn't like the candidate put up by milling machine operator Ivanov, and you think it would be better to vote for Comrade Molotov, then you would be in disfavor, because it is demanded of the Soviet "voter" that he understand at once what the VKP(b) and the TsK want. They would say of you that by bringing in Molotov's name you are ^{veiling} ~~stating~~ your desire to disrupt the elections. The machine of the elections--to be more exact. If you like the members of the Politburo, you show it by hanging their portraits on all the walls of all institutions and enterprises. But the power knows very well that the members of the Politburo are repugnant to you, and that for that reason you are praising them because you have been told to, when you have been told to, and that in general you are obedient, because that way things are more healthy for you.

At a general meeting of woe-begone voters, your voting proceeds in the following stereotyped manner. The president says: "Comrade So-and-So has the floor". Comrade So-and-So puts up his candidate. The gathering

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ hails the name with "tumultuous applause." The president says:
 "We shall ^{consider} the applause an indication of the approval of those gathered here,
 and I therefore propose that we vote only "against". Agreed?" The gathering
 shouts: "Agreed!" The president asks: "So, comrades, will those against raise
 their hands." Not one hand up. "Unanimously accepted", says the president
 and everyone applauds again. It is all over. There remained only to go to
 the area where ~~xxx~~ our posts were ~~located~~ -- the posts of the NKVD and the
 militia. The Chekists and secret co-workers (~~XXXXXXXXXX~~) of the NKVD who have
 have been sitting in the hall this while, are free.

"The bloc of Communists and non-Party members" is a contrivance
 of Stalin himself. There is no one else so expert in throwing dust in
 people's ^{eyes} and being impudent. ~~Another~~ non-Party member is not even glad to
 be on the list. Another, on the contrary, is extremely flattered. But most
 of all the flattered ones ~~xxxx~~ are found among the Stakhanovites and people
 from the provinces. I have already spoken of Dzhambul--that model candidate
 of the Stalin bloc of Communists and non-Party people: dull, ungifted, vain-
 glorious. Aleksey Stakhanov is the second example. He ~~became~~ became famous
 overnight when they forced him to be the record-setting man in the extraction
 of coal. They gave him a whole brigade of "Helpers" and mobilized the whole
 engineering personnel. The record was achieved. Telegrams came in from
 everywhere, and Stakhanov's name began to be used for a foul thing: "Try to

achieve what Stakhanov did. If he could, why can't you?" Try to say that Stakhanov's record was a false figure--achieved by the combined efforts of a whole brigade with the aid of the best technicians. Stakhanov could not stay in that place because he couldn't repeat his record. They nominated ^(him) to higher and higher positions, even made him Deputy People's Commissar (Minister) of Light Industry, but his complete lack of ability led to his being removed, to the great joy of People's Commissar Lukin. But the name of Stakhanov serves to ~~xxxx~~ enslave the workers of the USSR even up to now.

One more person--Mariya Demchenko. Her name signified a record in the beet fields. ~~xxxx~~ illiterate, ^{with} ~~having~~ no knowledge of botany and agronomy, she was ^{exalted} ~~praised~~ as a talented enthusiast and almost an innovator of Luther Burbank's type.

Every branch of ~~XXX~~ Soviet economy has its own Stakhanovite scarecrow: railway transport--Krivonos, textile--the Vologradov sisters, the shoe industry--Gudov, agriculture--Mariya Demchenko, Praskov'ya Angelina, Volga steamship transport--Captain Chadayev and so forth and so on. According to their division (such and such a branch gets so much, another branch so much) they get an order, according to their division they get in to the Supreme Soviet. The majority of them become members of the VKP(b).

I said above that some are not glad of this distinction. Yes,

^{on} the ~~xxxx~~ posters ~~xxxx~~ and in the Supreme Soviet one may meet regular,

intelligent, gifted people. They are the snow window, the sign, the shutters.

This is how ~~secret~~^{secret} and secret elections are ~~xxx~~ held.

In the Soviet manner.

THE ELECTIONS. ONE HUNDRED PERCENT "FOR".

Long before six o'clock the "enthusiasts", ~~xxxxxx~~ numbering five to six persons gathered at the doors of the building where the voting was to be held. These were the voters "for snow"; they had been told to "look enthusiastic". Toward six o'clock the Party-Soviet unit arrived (also instructed beforehand). In the blueness of the dawn the prologue to a comedy was played, which became for someone something tragic without a single smile.

The cameramen were turning up here. Tomorrow the newspapers would be plastered with portraits, group snapshots and--seeming unintentional, but in reality carefully rehearsed--scenes. Those acquisitions livened the dead columns of editorials following one after another, like Siamese twins. The word in which the Soviet ~~xxxx~~ convict (in the constitution--the Soviet citizen) finds nothing, but an obligatory label, the word "Stalin" appears ~~xxx~~ in the lines, in the headlines, under the pictures--everywhere and all over, without any need. These were words of prayer, words of praise, and ~~multitudes~~^{reams} of words in honor of Soso Dzhughashvili, who gave up his name for the sake of the hard, aggressive, resounding, Party

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nickname of "Stalin". Today the nickname ~~has~~ has passed on to ^{General} Vasily
 Iosifovich "Stalin"; the dynasty needs a pathetic lift even in the patrimonial
 name.

Not even desiring to unroll the Soviet newspaper, the reader
 usually avoids giving his attention to the stereotyped reports and gossip
 addressed to Stalin by plants, kolchozes, congresses and meetings. Doesn't
 he look at the pictures--what ~~is~~ is there to be curious at in the cloying
 smile on the face of a milkmaid, ~~in~~ of a komsomol organizer (komsomol), of
 an old ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ tube roller operator? All of them, regardless of
 sex, age, or nationality do what they are told and also do not look over
 the ~~XXXXXXXX~~ portraits--none but their own. The Soviet reader is interested
 in foreign news which is for him a rebus: how ~~to~~ recognize what is really
 going on outside the USSR, how ~~to~~ recognize it despite the lies in the
 newspaper?

This is how the Soviet reader regards the newspaper. But he
 is afraid to show ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ how he feels about it and therefore
 holds the paper a few minutes longer as if very interested in it.

The Soviet voter hides this same kind of indifference. What
 does he need with elections? If they would appoint the candidates openly,
 but, they are appointed, and you go vote anyway!

It has not taken much time to finish with the voting group from

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the active. The last actor has gone and now there is a pause: no voters come. The commission grows nervous. Here and there are heard orders: hurry!

Government agencies ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ are mobilized, so are building managers. "Testlers"

(reminders) are sent to apartments throughout the whole ~~XXXXXX~~ sector.

They modestly knock on doors, shyly remind the tenants of the need to

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ "do their duty". They say that it will not do for the sector to fall

behind the rest. They report to the higher-up organizations on the hour.

The "testlers" ~~XXXXXX~~ plan their persuasion in such a way that you hear

the threat. Then you hurry, mentally cursing: "This comedy be damned!"

Serious, thoughtful people began to arrive. These people are

playing their "moment of triumph". There is no other way to hide one's

anger and irritation, because ^(by far) not every Soviet slave knows how to smile

~~XXXXXX~~ gaily like the activists who came that morning. And so he plays

his role as ~~best~~ best he can. //

The ~~special~~ ^{field} agent displays "Chekist vigilance" (his expression).

He looks the voters in the eyes and spitefully asks, "Well, why are you so

late?" The plainclothes student leads the voter who has gotten a ^{ballot} ~~ticket~~

~~paper~~ to the booth. The ~~special~~ ^{field} agent signals the student sitting at the

table to write down the name of this one and that one: it means that he is

already under suspicion.

I accidentally notice that on some ^{ballots} ~~voting papers~~ there is a

microscopic number. In the book of voters beside this number is written the name of the ~~man~~ person who received that ~~voting paper~~ ^{ballot}. "Well, well," I think, "and there it is, the secrecy of elections!" Afterwards I found out that one of the members of the commission, also a Chekist and a rank higher than the ~~special~~ ^{field} agent had been numbered. And we didn't even know that we were not alone in representing "Stalin's ever vigilant eye" here--the NKVD.

~~accompanying~~
The student ~~marking~~ the voter gallantly offers him a pencil.

The voters are different: one takes the pencil and thanks him; another answers: "I have one!"; a third (and he shows that he is well-adapted) refuses, saying, "Who needs a pencil? Our candidate..." and praises the candidate.

The names of voters of the first and second type were written down by the ~~special~~ ^{field} agent in every case because they, the recalls, ~~may~~ ^{might} ~~possibly~~ cross the name of the candidate or write unnecessary things on the ~~ballot~~ ^{ballot} ~~voting paper~~.

And so it was: they marked the ~~voting paper~~ ^{ballot} "over" with a cross and wrote in instead: "Feed the people!" "Down with the Soviet labor camp!" "You are all...." The latter is not fit to print. They said all this and more.

How many naive people in the USSR! Evidently, nothing they are taught profits them. Bolshevism has ~~grown~~ ^{worn} down 30-40 million people,

~~maxx~~ has found its way into the family, the school, the church, has poisoned and diseased love and friendship, and the simpletons think they can deceive the devil himself. Shying away from destroying the NKVD, people trustingly and inattentively come nearer to these buildings bearing the name "Court", ^{Department}~~Statistical~~ "Statistical Records", ^{Department}~~Director~~ "Director Sawmill Cadres imeni Dzerzhinskiy", ^{Rayon}~~Regional~~ "Administration of the Militia", etc. But these agencies are preparers of raw material for the factory of murders and tortures called the NKVD. These agencies consult, investigate, testify.

The accompanying student, as if bursting with feeling, jerked the curtain of the booth. The he exorcised himself. But he managed to see something: perhaps the voter was turning the pencil in his fingers when there was no need to do so because the name of the candidate was printed ~~xx~~ at the printing house, and he is the sole candidate; perhaps (if the voter refused a pencil) he took the pencil ^{that belonged} in the booth (in every booth there was a pencil--the symbol of the free will of the voter).

The wise voter seals the envelope while he is still walking to the booth, enters quickly and exits quickly, so that it is clear to everyone that he has no doubts about anything, that he agrees with everything, and he has "voted" as ordered to. We took everything into account....

The president of the voting commission runs his finger along the voting rosters: in such a place and such a place live Citizen NN, who is 80

years old, and Citizen MM, whose legs are paralyzed. What a ~~hand~~ ^{hand}! Here is something in which the voting commission may show itself off.

"Well, what's the matter? Have you sent the car for NN? Where's the person who is supposed to go after MM in the car?"

Touching? Yes, Soviet power swaggers; see how we care for our people; such care for people has never been seen before in history. There are even hauling expenditures included in the liabilities column of the state's budget.

They have brought in all the cripples and feeble people. This was done competitively among the "jostlers" to see who brought the most. They brought in about a dozen. The students voted ~~xxx~~ in the place of some of them, i.e., they sealed the ~~xxxxxxxx~~ ready ^{ballots} voting papers in the waiting envelopes. Others were still in a condition to do the job themselves: shaking hands pushed the slip of paper into the envelope, grey, dry tongues licked them. They brought in a 70 year old woman--not the oldest, but the weakest. They carried her in in their arms, and the president was in raptures. He himself ~~xxxxxxxx~~ ^{tore over to her with} the ~~voting paper and~~ ^{ballot} just had to lick the edge of the envelope to make sure he did a licking good job of fulfilling his duty to Comrade Stalin and (why, especially?) to the people. They unbundled the old lady who was wrapped up like a silken cocoon⁺ and found--there under the shawls and blankets--a corpse. The driver smacked

his right fist into his ~~left~~ palm and said distressedly:

"But she was alive just now...We drove up and she asked, where are you taking me, she says...Just look what a business!"

The president of the voting commission reacted differently (and by his reaction justified himself in the eyes of the ~~special~~ ^{field} agent, it seems). The president straightened his shoulders, as if gathering his spirits, and solemnly said:

"Well, comrades, the real patriotism of ~~the~~ ^{the} Soviet power! Dead, but she came to vote!"

"Is he crazy?" I said to myself. But no, the same feeling came over the heart of the ~~special~~ ^{field} agent, and he added:

"If they were all like this! The old woman was what we needed!"

The next day the newspapers carried this: "Akulina Timofeyevna Red'kina, although severely ill, demanded that she be given the chance to make use of the right of a free voter in the freest nation in the world. In the dark, dull days of the Tsar she knew only the kitchen...With hands shaking with joy she took the voting paper...A noble trembling seized her, but Akulina Timofeyevna's strength, overtaxed by the hardships of the pre-revolutionary times, could not hold out." In a word, ~~she~~ ^{she} died.

Finally, late in the night, the demonstration of the "unity of of Party and non-Party people" around the "best people in the country"

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ended, as though the candidates of the Supreme Soviet had been nominated by the people. The ~~agent~~ ^{field} agent dismissed the militia guard, leaving only part of the posts filled. The students of the NKVD school stayed ^{however,} in a body. The commission has started its work of counting the votes. They sat at one end of the table, and we at the other.

The urn was dragged over. The ~~agent~~ ^{field} agent stood behind the backs of the students. He paced left and right, watching the students (not the members of the commission) take the envelopes out of the urn, ~~XXXXXX~~ opened them, looked over the ~~voting papers~~ ^{ballots}. An overwhelming majority of the ~~voting papers~~ ^{ballots} showed the sound reasoning of the voters--the ballot ^{had} ~~was~~ a virginal purity. But here, one, two....three...

The students wordlessly put aside the ballots--crossed out, entirely, from one corner to the other, with the name blacked out, with remarks added, of the nature of those mentioned above.

These papers sitting far at the opposite end of the table the commission does not see. As if that were not enough, the members of the commission pretend not to notice that not all ballots are thrown to their end of the table, that one student, or another stems the tide.

And so, the ballots set aside pile up. Who dropped them into the urn? "But then so many people passed through!"...But criminal investigation in the USSR is of such a type that there is scarcely even one other country

are submitted
 with a similar all-encompassing criminal investigation. The ballots ~~are~~ to
 legal experts ~~judges~~, in the laboratory, in the card-index. The dactyloscopic
 method is used. So is graphology. Protesting voters are naive; they didn't
 learn to change their handwriting, they took the ballot with their bare
 hands, with all fingers.

The first step is the USO, Division of Statistical Records,
 which has a magnificent deciphering division and an identifying laboratory.
 Almost immediately (the classification of fingerprints is ingeniously
 simple) forty percent of the ballots were deciphered. It was harder with
 the remarks. Little time was lost in searching for the guilty parties. Our
 work ~~xxx~~ was justified in that we had a list of all the even tiny bit sus-
 picious voters. This narrowed the circle of persons that we had to be ex-
 posed. We used notes and questionnaires on which the same handwriting could
 be found--in the office, in the warehouses, in ~~management~~ ^{industry}, where this one
 and that one under suspicion worked. In the plant, for example, almost
 every worker handed in some kind of declaration, even if the nature of his
 work ~~never~~ ^{ever} requires any writing. Let's say that voter AB left no trace of
 his handwriting anywhere. Then it is necessary to hunt him down. Send an
 agent to his house who supposedly has come to test the wiring; and then the
 agent starts to argue about something. When AB protests, the agent tells
 him to file a complaint: "Write a declaration!" Snow not cleaned off the

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roof or from in front of the house, a hole, the underwear hung out in the yard to dry--all this is enough to cause blackmail and swindling a "declaration" from someone. We, as representatives of the NKVD, took the ballots to USO, directed and watched by the ~~official~~ ^{field} agent. Someone left samples of handwriting at USO, legal experts prosecuted (as the final, qualified agency), and the number of unidentified "enemies of the people" grew smaller all the time. Arrests continued, at the least, a half year after ~~the~~ election day.

It must be noted that all these ballots simply did not get included in the ballot count. This is why the usual figure ~~the~~ ^{the} Soviet elections of those taking part in the voting is 96, 97, 98, percent. This is why the voting is 100 percent "for".

Our experience and our scope increased a great deal, thanks to the elections in the Supreme Soviet of the USSR! However, not one of the students said: "This is the happiest day of my life." But many voters said precisely that--those who had their photographs taken.

STATIONARY RUNNING

The students returned to school gradually, not all at once. Our group returned on the third day and part of the students were found at home, since the others had not yet returned. The sleepless nights had been extremely fatiguing, and all of us wanted to get to bed as quickly as

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possible. But, evidently, the authorities were sizing us up.

"Get civilian clothes ~~ready~~ and pistols ready for inspection!"

came the command, and a ~~rumor~~ started.

We had to clean out everything--the clothes and the guns.

No places were set aside for cleaning. The corridors filled.

Suddenly a shot sounded from the floor below. In ~~xxx~~ a moment

the authorities and the students had run down.

"Let the ~~director~~ ^{director} commissar through!... Make way for the head of the special section!.... Let the comrade ~~political aide~~ ^{political aide (pompot)} through!" was heard in

the midst of the rumpus.

"Go to your rooms!" the ~~director~~ ^{director} commissar's command was distinguished above the general tumult, and ~~things became~~ ^{things became} relatively quiet, ~~and the~~

It turned out that the student named Goncharuk, ~~whom I have~~ ^{whom I have} already ~~mentioned~~ ^{mentioned} ~~unintentionally~~ ^{unintentionally} fired while trying to take his gun apart. A conversation between him and the ~~director~~ ^{director} of the school sprang up quickly.

"Why did you fire? How did it happen?"

"I don't know, Comrade ~~director~~ ^{director} commissar."

"Where was the cartridge?"

"In the ~~breach~~ ^{breach}, Comrade ~~director~~ ^{director} commissar."

"Why? For what purpose?"

"By order of the ~~field~~ ^{field} agent. We thought there might be some

^{Plans to the}
 were in ~~the~~ and all very happy. Excited by the unforgettable impressions
 and the wine fumes, all of us, ^{with} ~~one~~ voice, talked about leaving the school
 but to leave in such a manner as not to suffer. There were all kinds of
 plans, but they all were alike in their naivety. The big scholarship, the
 wonderful food, the esteem and respect--they all lost their value in our
 eyes. Run, run!

The three days rushed by like a minute. I returned to school,
 report to the duty officer, try not to ~~xxxx~~ breathe. I ^{had} prudently gargled
 with some essence and sucked a dozen scented mints. He jumped up--the
 smell of liquor did not escape the alert nostrils of the duty officer.

In the room the comments flew: "Well, how was it? Did you
^{past him?}
 get ~~xxxxxx~~?" "A-ah! loaded himself up with peppermints!" They laughed.

"Where's Lazarevich?" I ask.

"In the jug. He gave himself away. The duty officer got a ^{whiff} ~~xxxx~~
 of him."

"Fall in!" The command interrupted our conversation.

We did.

"Attention!" And the ^{disorder} ~~xxxx~~ commissar passed along the ranks.

He held a piece of paper in his hand. He stood in the middle and began to
 make a speech.

He began with Communist morals, displaying his anger about the

fact that a dozen students had returned to school drunk, and told us that they were now in the guardhouse.

"What is especially shocking and disgusting," he burst out with indignation, "is that some expressed the wish to leave school. No! We will not allow anyone who has found out ~~the~~ ^{the} secrets of our work, our studies, to return to the life of a citizen. We are servants of the people and ~~they~~ the people's money is being spent on us. Forget about your papas and your mamas; you cannot get out of school. Remember and never forget. I shall ~~make~~ myself do everything that Comrade Stalin demands of us, everything that Comrade Yezhov demands of us."

~~xxx~~ In the morning there were no classes, but they immediately called a party meeting after breakfast. The agenda for the day was, as we had expected, the question of the slackening of discipline. The polit^{sec} section (politburo) ^{had} prepared speakers overnight. The ~~director~~ ^{director} of the school spoke first, and painted the situation in dark ~~colors~~ ^{colors}, but he made no conclusions. One after another state speakers stepped forth from among the junior students and demanded one thing--that the person to blame be thrown out of the Party and handed over to the law. They were made to confess. We knew that they had returned to school ~~completely~~ ^{completely} sober, but that they had been unable to hide the smell of liquor. In addition, ~~every~~ every one of them, had ~~been~~ ^{expressed his desire to} leave school. Attention was given to

the fact that the ~~se~~ arrested were just the ones who had asked to be allowed to leave while practically all the students had returned from their period of carousing. They confessed, but not ~~at~~ ^{until} the end--they did not realize the criminality of their behavior.

Open voting led to the adoption of the following resolution: to ask that the command limit itself to administrative measures, and that the party organization show its disapproval.

The decision of the closed party meeting did not satisfy the authorities, and in the evening a big party-komsomol meeting was called. The decision, however, stayed the same. The things we lived through in connection with this ~~was~~ ^{were} very complicated. The students dreamed of getting out of this blind alley--~~about~~ ^{the dream of} freedom. The disciplinary exactment as to staying in school meant the end of our hopes for freedom. With regard to this the party exactment, although in such a small dose, as disapproval, still ruined the "private business" of the Party member. Exclusion from the Party and being handed over to the law ~~xxxxxxx~~ meant the concentration camp. Therefore ~~xx~~ a vote had to be taken to lessen the evil--to stay in school ~~xxxxxx~~ was better than a concentration camp any time.

Finally, studies started again. Along with the general course of studies (secondary school level) we began to study criminal procedure law. Every Saturday lecturers from the Khar'kov military ^{Okrug} ~~xxxxxx~~ came to

teach international political ~~situation.~~ ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~. The commanders attended these lectures, too. Once a month someone from among the representatives of ~~the~~ ~~administration of NKVD~~ gave a lecture on the work of foreign espionage. The lectures were the implantation of hatred for ^{the} "capitalistic environment" and --always and unchanging--for the inner "enemies of the people." On the other hand ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ the idea of world solidarity of proletarians was always creeping in. Time and time again it was premised that any moment now Comrade Tel'man will come to the USSR, that any moment now "Stalin's approach" will begin to be applied to the capitalists of the whole world.

The political section of the school also went full speed ahead. Many wall newspapers appeared--in ~~xxx~~ all the classes, in the platoons, even in the rooms. All the wall newspapers called attention ^{to} socialist competition, that it was not napping; and the special section, ~~(XXXXXXXXXX)~~, that it was piling up ~~xxx~~ special questionnaires, was spreading ^{its} agency net so, that it was difficult to figure out who was a secret co-worker and who wasn't. It became ^{known} that all conversations ^{and slips of the tongue} were fixed.

Our mischiefmakers were told that their punishment would be forgotten, if they showed faultless discipline and if they got ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ an average of ^{not} less than 4 in their studies.

Ten of the twelve took back their statements, but two ~~persisted~~ persisted, reeling off a whole pile of reasons, which were ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

why that the school should let them go free for ~~their good, for their health~~ ^{for their or for their}
 These stubborn mules (or heroes) were prepared to go ~~the administration of~~
~~to NKVD~~ ^{heads are} and even to the People's Commissar himself. I will speak of them
 again.

In the first quarter of 1938 they did ~~not~~ ² take us out to prac-
 tice. They kept us from thinking by occupying all our time with ~~circles~~ ^{circles} of
 all kinds: choirs, musical, sport, etc.

The students, as they say, buckled down. Like it or not, they
 buckled down, and an average of 5 was gotten by many, me included. The
 wall newspapers and school paper "The Chokist" exulted.

Our brief protest ⁽¹⁾ characterized better than anything else
^{by a} ~~the~~ comparison with the very tedious method of drill called stationary
 running. We tramped, and we tramped, and again we were in the ranks, like
 stone ~~men~~ ^(images): don't breath and obey commands.

MY FATHER-IN-LAW'S ARRIVAL. AGAIN UP AND FORWARD

In the middle of April they called me from my classes to the
 office of the ~~commissar~~ ^(director-). This frightened me, as did every unexpected
 thing in general in our ~~hardship~~ situation. I strode cheerfully but there
 was an ache in my heart. When I knocked at the door of the ~~commissar's~~ ^(director)
 office, I evidently did it too timidly: ~~his~~ "yes" ~~only~~ ^{came after I had}

knocked a second ~~time~~ ^{time}

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I reported. I had scarcely finished reporting when a heavy soldier sitting with his back to the main ~~entrance~~ ^{door} turned his face. It was my father-in-law. This second unexpected event was ~~able~~ ^{bound} to upset me, and ~~turned to stone.~~ ^{left me paralyzed.}

"Come closer, comrade student," the ~~man~~ ^{director} of the school smiled.

Forgetting to ask permission to greet my father-in-law and encouraged by ~~the~~ ^{his} affable look, I rushed toward him, and this showed all things at once: a year of separation, my ordeals, my constant fear, my hope, ~~that I had~~ ^{in person of my own kindy director} my father-in-law ~~to see his own son.~~ The ~~man~~ ^{head} invited me to sit down. To this day I don't understand why my father-in-law showed such unnecessary sedateness and did not ~~at once~~ ^{immediately} answer my questions about my wife.

"Don't be upset, my dear boy!" he said, at last, putting his hand on my shoulder. ~~Everything is fine.~~ ^{"Everything is fine."} Tanya is well and is here. I think," he added, ~~glancing at the head,~~ ^{glancing at the director,} ~~"comrade head will permit you to see her."~~ ^{"comrade head will permit you to see her."}

The other nodded his head ~~as if to say,~~ ^{as if to say,} "yes. My father-in-law said that he was more interested in how I was coming along in school."

"Your son-in-law, comrade major-general, is an excellent student," the ~~head~~ ^{director} said. "His total mark was ~~a round 5.~~ ^{exactly 5.} Show your prize, Comrade Brazhnev."

I showed him a fountain pen. My father-in-law smiled with satisfaction, and the ~~head~~^{director} of the school, obviously wanting to play the magnanimous master of my life, continued:

"For showing excellence in your studies, Comrade Brezhnev, you are granted 10 days leave. I hope this will not reflect badly in your work. Go to the ~~school~~^{education} section and get your pass."

"O. K.!" I shouted, jumping up from my chair, and ~~ran~~^{shot} into the corridor like a bullet.

In the education section they said that the typist had already prepared the pass. "We're going full speed ahead!" flashed through my head. A few minutes more and I ran downstairs to the driveway. In the driveway stood an M-1 car and behind the wheel--Tanya herself. At once there was a change, and the students spilling out onto the streets were witnesses to our meeting. My father-in-law and the ~~head~~^{director} of the school hurried down, and my wife fervently thanked the latter.

When we drove up to ~~xxx~~ my apartment, we bumped into Grigoriy Fedorovich at the wicker-gate.

"We'll have to degulakize you," Korneyev said ~~xxxxx~~ laughingly, turning to me. "You have too much furniture!" He showed me a bed, ~~xxx~~ cupboards, tables, chairs, bookcases, standing near the house.

"Where did they come from?" I ~~was~~^{asked} in amazement.

"And why are you still a candidate? Why don't you hand in your declaration for entrance into the Party?"

"I haven't yet finished my term as a candidate, comrade."

"That means nothing," my father-in-law took the opportunity to say.

"Absolutely right, Comrade Major-General!" answered the ~~political~~ ^{political} section.

"Comrade ~~the political section~~, ~~Komrad Student~~ Brashnev is an excellent person, and that can help. ~~Write~~ ^{Write} a declaration, Comrade Brashnev...."

In June the school was transferred to Bezlyudovka Camp. As soon as the camp was put in proper order (it took three days to set up the tents, paths, forward lines, etc.) we began our studies, ~~xxxxxx~~ extremely severe, drill, but for the sake of our health this time--~~xxxxxxxx~~ tactical, topographical, shooting exercises in the open air. We ~~straightaway~~ ^{immediately} grew younger.

But once the command came, "To arms!" The "Black Maria" drove up to the formation. This was during the third week of our ~~camp~~ ^{not camp} life; some ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{xxxxxx} the student, was on leave in town, since permission had been given us.

"The Black Maria" surprised us. It didn't seem that there ^{be put} was anyone among us who should ~~go~~ ^{be put} into that fateful machine.

The platoon commander came up to me and ordered me to pick out three students to go the Khar'kov and arrest two drunken students on leave.

"You go, too," he said; "we need a junior commander."

They handed out rifles and 15 cartridges to the students, and gave me a gun. He got the address and started. We drove up the Krasnaya Hotel which in Tevelev Square. I went first. At the table ~~XXXX~~ two students were sitting. Seeing me they ~~shook~~ ^{shook} themselves a little, and I saw that in a moment they were going to give me a friendly invitation to join them. But a student with a rifle ~~xxx~~ came up, and informed the non-disciplinarians that they had to await the development of events.

"What's going on here?" I asked. ~~"You are having a wild time?"~~ ^{"all your own here?"}

"No, Comrade ~~Platoon~~ ^{Sub} ~~Platoon~~ Commander."

"Drunk?"

"A little, as you can see, Comrade Platoon Sub-Commander."

"You ^{are} under arrest."

"For what?" they ^{asked} ~~xx~~ at the same time, putting on their jackets.

Not answering them and not knowing what to answer, I ~~xxx~~ led them out of the hotel and ordered them to climb into the car and leaving a guard with them, I returned to the hotel. At the door some kind of worker from the hotel met me--a waiter, I guess.

"What happened here? How did they behave?"

This most unpleasant person ^{obligingly} ~~seemingly~~ as if ~~to~~ emphasize ~~and~~

~~He said, he says,~~ ^{so} I am a clever fellow, told me. They came in in this

uniforms, ordered a cup of vodka apiece, and then one more each. He served it and quickly told the lieutenant of State ~~Protection~~ ^{Security}.

"Where is he? Why is he in the hotel?"

"He is in his office."

"What office?" I asked ~~him~~ ^{at last} in surprise.

"The ~~manager's~~ ^{manager's}. He is the manager of the hotel and the lieutenant of State ~~Protection~~ ^{Security}."

"And who are you?"

"I am only an agent," answered the person, embarrassed.

In the morning the school was drawn up and the "workout" started.

They read the order which stated that ~~the~~ ^{these} Students Panyushkin and Filatov, despite many warnings, went to the hotel while in uniform, drunk, demanded more, but because their drunken condition, were denied it. Then the students, ~~the weight of~~ ^{using} their position as Chekists, threatened the waiter, and he was forced to satisfy their demand. Finally, they went to the ~~hotel~~ ^{connections}, took vodka themselves, and insulted the workers there. On the strength of this ~~the~~ ^{these} Students Filatov and Panyushkin were arrested, and ~~xxxxx~~ a petition was ~~directed~~ ^{sent} to the People's Commissariat to ~~take them to court,~~ ^{and turn them over to the law.}

My mouth dropped open when I heard this ~~notion~~ ^{notion}. But ~~nothing~~ ^{not}.

~~what was~~ ^{what was} thrashed out at the meetings--general, Party, Komsomol meetings. At a joint meeting of the Party and Komsomol they heatedly defended themselves, denying everything that had been said in the ~~and there~~ ^{order}. Prepared for every-

thing they insisted:

"Throw us out, ~~and us over to the law~~, but this is all a lie.

We no longer want to nor will we study in school! We did not undertake to discredit our uniform. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ and We were quiet and subdued..."

Still and all they were put under arrest, and placed in the prison inside the school. And there they sat while we went on a big operation in Kiev.

THE KIEV ARRESTS IN JULY 1938

On approximately the 8th of July the school was unexpectedly ~~surrounded~~ ^{and taken over}. ~~The school was surrounded~~ ^{by NKVD troops}. The ~~school~~ ^{director} of the school read us an order: our school had received an honored and responsible ~~task~~ ^{assignment}. Tonight by urgent command ~~complete~~ ^{to} we leave ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ ^{to fulfill} the personal mission of Comrade Yezhov. "The ~~city~~ ^{city} of Kiev," the ~~director~~ ^{director}, "is contaminated with enemy elements. We have been assigned the most responsible task: to purge the ~~city~~ ^{city} of Kiev of enemies. We shall work together with the workers of the NKVD of the Ukrainian Republic and the Kiev UNKVD." He concluded his speech with the usual agitator ~~phrases~~ ^{phrases}, with a reminder about vigilance and with praise of "the father of the people."

At 20.00 the school was ~~drawn up in~~ ^{formed} ranks in full battle preparation. ~~XXXXXX~~ A car with drawers in it in which the students were

ordered to put their arms, drove up to the ranks. It was ~~xx~~ speedily sent to the winter headquarters in ~~xxxx~~ Khar'kov. We went into town and at 22.00 were at south station. There there was a specially prepared echelon with nine cars. We got to the echelon not by going through the main station, but ~~by the side tracks~~, in order to hide ~~xxxxxx~~ our departure from ~~other~~ ^{alien} eyes. When we got to the railroad personnel standing along the side track, they had us form ranks to meet the ~~head~~ ^{chief} of the URAVD of the Khar'kov Oblast'. He gave a short speech with the main emphasis on the necessity of maintaining ^{an} official secret, Chekist vigilance, discipline, etc. Nor did he ~~forget to warn us~~ ^{remind us} ~~xxxxxx~~ about the address we were going to, or ~~remind us~~ about the severe punishments which would be dealt out in case of ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{negligence} in ~~completing~~ ^{doing} our duty. At 23.00 we went to the cars. In each car there was a specially ~~appointed~~ ^{affiliated} person from the ~~command personnel~~ ^{affiliated personnel} of the school for agitators. Despite ~~xxx~~ the exhaustion ~~of the students~~ ^{of the students} ~~xx~~ he rambled on with his work for a long time--chatter about different political

~~Topics~~

Although our echelon was a specially ~~xxxxxx~~ appointed echelon, it moved along rather slowly. ~~Only~~ ^{until} 9 in the morning, ~~we~~ ^{didn't} arrive at Poltava Station. In Poltava we stood around till 11 ~~xxxx~~ when the ~~xxxx~~ ^{director} commissar of the school came running up, ~~xxxxxx~~ soaked with perspiration, and gave the command to unload ourselves with all ~~xxx~~ equipment. In five

minutes we were standing at the cars. The order ~~followed~~ to form ranks according to courses and platoons. The ~~first~~ ^{university} commissar began to speak ~~on~~ ^{us} excited ~~about~~ about the fact that the enemies of the people are so numerous and have spread their nets so well that they already know about the special assignment given us by Comrade Yezhov. In order to destroy the young cadres of the NKVD, they had prepared a train wreck. Owing to the vigilance of the ~~commanding personnel~~ ^{officers' compliment} of the school it ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~announced~~ ^{that} that there were faulty cars in the echelon. For example, the first car had a cracked axle, the fourth and seventh also had serious defects. We had been saved, but who knows if they mightn't repeat the attempt to destroy us. Evidently, there was someone from the enemy side in our ranks and he knew how to work direct connections with the enemy--otherwise it would be difficult to explain ~~how we got such~~ ^{how we got such} an absolutely worthless ~~staff~~ ^{staff}. The speech ended with warnings about the address of those enemy spies and with the usual greetings ~~of~~ ^{of} good luck--in honor of Yezhov and Stalin.

The command of the school sent a hasty telegram to the People's Commissariat of the NKVD USSR Yezhov about what had happened, and ~~about~~ ^{probably} more than one railroad worker ~~paid~~ ^{paid} with his life for this "extraordinary occurrence."

They took us to the station square and after a half-hour pause explained that we were to be transferred to another echelon. ~~the~~ ^{Crafty} Chekists

led us along other side tracks, and we loaded, but our authorities ever-
 looked one thing: they forgot that ~~we~~ though we were young we were Chakists
 and immediately recognized the schemes of our bosses. They were the same
 wars, but they had been put on other side tracks. Many of the students
 had forgotten some small personal things in unloading and later found them
 in the new echelon in exactly the same places. This was done to ~~drive the~~
~~students~~ ~~into~~ a rage since the work was serious.

On the way from Poltava to Kiev they began to hand out travell-
 ing expenses, and only then did we realize that we were going for a whole
 month, and perhaps for longer, because we ~~received~~ ^{got} money for a month. When
 we got to Kiev the echelon stopped at a side track. They ~~changed~~ ^{led} us ~~in~~
 for ranks and took us again not through the main station but by some lanes, ~~and~~
 we had to climb a two meter fence. Then we went ~~into~~ ^{up} the so-called Bayko-
 vaya Hill where the school for the improvement of the ~~commanding staff~~ ^{officers' employment} of
 the militia was located. We accommodated ourselves in it. After a rest of
 half an hour we again were gathered together and formed ranks in the garden
 of the school. We were ~~xxx~~ awaiting the arrival of some big bosses. After
 10 minutes a ZIS-101 drove up to the gates, and out of it, accompanied by
 an attendant, stepped a co-worker of the republic ~~administration of the~~
~~headquarters~~ ^{headquarters} ~~phomb!~~ NKVD, with two ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ his buttonhole. The usual commands for greeting
 the ~~chief~~ ^{chief} followed. Without an introduction he began to speak. Literally
 in five minutes ~~another~~ ^{a second} car drove up ~~with the side of the~~ ^{but from it stepped persons} ~~of the NKVD~~

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ in civilian dress. They approached the speaker

and arrested him. After a brief pause still another car drove up--with

the aide to the ~~head~~^{director} of the NKVD of the Ukrainian SSR Militia. He, too, did

not get to finish his speech. He was called back to ~~the administration~~^{headquarters}.

There was general confusion. Not only among the students but among the

~~officers, etc.~~^{officers, etc.} conversations were held on ~~the subject~~^{the subject} that we were

going to find enemies and there they were sitting in the ~~administration of~~^{administration of}

~~republic~~^{republic} ~~the NKVD~~^{the NKVD}. Many turned to the ~~commissioner~~^{commissioner} with the proposal

that the speeches be continued. But he refused in confusion, ~~xx~~ answering

as though he were joking: "I am afraid. They will arrest me, too."

It was already dark outside. They ~~xxxx~~ led us into the club

of the militia school ~~the~~^{where} the film "Praise ~~of~~^{the} Chekists" was to be

shown. Before the seance began from somewhere there appeared a co-worker

in the uniform of the NKVD, ~~recommended~~^{who was introduced} by the ~~special~~^{field} agent of the ~~XXXXXX~~

~~xxxx~~ UNKVD of the Kiev Oblast'. He very briefly told us of what had happened.

It turned out that in the ~~administration of NKVD of the republic~~^{republic headquarters of the NKVD} and the

Kiev Oblast' something incredible had happened. Many responsible workers

had been arrested. The ~~head~~^{director} of the UNKVD of the Kiev Oblast' and the ~~head~~^{director}

of the ~~administration of NKVD of the republic~~^{republic headquarters of the NKVD} had ~~been~~^{been} temporarily relieved of

their duties. The speaker told us that we would not be instructed until

the next day and then we ~~will~~^{will} begin our work.

The next day ~~in~~ the morning they took us to the ~~administration~~ ^{republic} ~~headquarters~~ ^{of the NKVD} where we were given a brief instructions ~~and~~ and the layout of our operational ~~work~~, i.e., the attachment of individual groups of students to the ~~special~~ ^{field} agents of the republic and oblast apparatus of the NKVD. Then the ~~special~~ ^{field} agents took the groups of students into their offices and ~~assigned~~ ^{assigned} personal ~~tasks~~ ^{assignments} there. Each two students were attached to some ~~special~~ ^{field} agent of the NKVD and each group had one car. "The orders for arrest have already been written out," said the ~~special~~ ^{field} agent. "We already have all the addresses, so there will be no trouble." I was attached to ~~special~~ ^{field} agent ~~of the NKVD~~ junior lieutenant of State Security Maur. Five groups were under his command.

Our district for making arrests was called "Solominka". In it were located: "Green Hamlet", an aircraft village, the sugar institute imeni Mikoyan, and the artillery military school. In "Green Hamlet" chiefly responsible workers of all branches of industry, ~~different~~ ^{various} scientific workers and workers in the arts lived. Almost to a man they were to be arrested. The population of this hamlet, according to ~~the~~ what the ~~special~~ ^{field} agent said, was ¹⁰⁰ percent ~~counter-revolutionary~~ ^{counter-revolutionary} element, the majority of which came from Khar'kov when the government was transferred to Kiev in 1934. They, in the words of the ~~special~~ ^{field} agent, were connected with the Skrypnykis and other "grown-up counter-revolution-

ary groups."

The bloody pogrom started.

After 24 hours not one person was seen on the street. Kiev
~~was heavily~~ Powerful militia forces were scattered everywhere. All who
 appeared on the street ~~showly~~ were quickly taken into custody and brought
 to the division of the militia. For two or three days they questioned them
 there, and only a few ~~were~~ managed to see their families again. The major-
 ity, such as the SOE--social-dangerous el menta-- ~~were~~ sent to concentration
 camps.

3. The ~~passenger~~ passenger transport ~~cars~~ in Kiev ~~under~~
 reliable drivers, was mobilized for the night work of the NAVD. The cars
 scurried about the town one after another all night, since the arrests,
 as a rule, were made only after ~~the 13th~~ at night. [sic]

The first arrest in which I took part was made in "Green
 Hamlet". They arrested one of the scientific associates, some Belyayev.
 We arrived at Belyayev's home around one in the morning. The car stopped
 at the wicker-gates. The ~~lights~~ lights were put out. Getting ~~out~~ of the car, we
 climbed over the fence on the opposite side of the house and went through
 the garden. Everyt hing was quiet in the house. The ~~special~~ ^{field} agent began
 to pound on the door. After several minutes a voice was heard in the
 corridor. "Who's there?" The ~~special~~ ^{field} agent answered him: "Co-workers of

the NKVD." The door opened and Belyayev himself appeared on the threshold.

He was already an old man, about 70, he calmly asked us to come in. The ~~special~~ ^{field}

agent ~~ordered~~ ^{told} me to remain in the corridor with Belyayev, and he went in

farther, put on the light and ~~admitted~~ ^{let} us to go into the apartment.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ The whole family was awakened: the son, 40

years old, also an associate at some scientific institute; his wife, a

teacher of the Russian language at the sugar institute imeni Mikoyan;

two children; and a houseworker. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Half-undressed, ~~they~~ ^{all}

~~they~~ with the exception of the children and the houseworker, were placed with

their faces to the wall ~~in one room~~ and their hands behind their backs.

The ~~special~~ ^{field} agent began to ~~conduct~~ search, and I guarded the unfortunate

people. Although they had not given us arms the revolver holster was

hanging on our belts. The search was conducted without any "witnesses".

The dishes were looked over and thrown on the floor. They also fingered

~~through~~ the clothes and ~~at~~ threw them on the floor in one heap. The pic-

tures were taken off the walls and carefully looked at to see whether

anything had been put in the backs, and were thrown on the floor and

smashed. When the search was over, the apartment ~~xxxxxx~~ gave the impress-

ion of a ~~complete~~ ^{complete and utter} pogrom. For material ~~proof~~ ^{proof} books, letters, post-

cards, photographs, diaries, etc. were ~~xxxxxx~~ confiscated. There was no

~~record~~ ^{record} for the search nor an inventory of the goods confiscated. ~~Belyayev~~ ^{Belyayev}

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ his son, and his son's wife were given orders for arrest, and we took them to the NKVD.

The inhabitants of "Green Hamlet" were arrested daily in families, only the children were given to the Soviet powers into special childrens' homes. Another wave of arrests occurred simultaneously in the aircraft town. The fliers, found during the day at the aerodromes, returned home only at night, in a gay mood ~~for~~^{after} their successful flights, with tales about their new achievements. But the thunder of general arrests clapped. The first night it was quiet ^{in the streets of} ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ the town and its buildings. The next night lights shone in many of the windows. They were waiting for the car ~~of~~^{from} the NKVD. It was evident to many that if not today then tomorrow they would ~~be taken away~~ to take ~~their~~ places among ~~the~~^{previously} arrested. When they took away the fliers the families as a rule were left behind. Always when they said goodbye the fliers answered their wives' questions as to their return with, "But, I'm not guilty of anything; I'll come back tomorrow." Only some of them managed to get back, but only after the long tortures of a year and a half or two years in prison.

In the artillery school ~~XXXXXX~~ the battle alarm was sounded and when the entire ~~commanding~~^{officer} and teaching staff of the school had gathered, several cars with ~~co-workers~~ ~~the~~ NKVD drove up. The workers

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and teachers of the institute were gathered for a meeting in ~~the~~ a building of the institute. The meeting was intentionally dragged out till two in the morning. Then the "Black Marias" came, and 80 percent of the associates of the institute were arrested.

~~The inner prisons of the administration of the NKVD~~ ^{republic and oblast headquarters of the}

~~prisons~~ were ~~packed~~ overcrowded. In the usual three-

person cells there were twenty. Not only was it impossible to lie down,

but there was no place to sit; the people took turns resting. By this

means in the course of a week^s, and sometimes of months the arrested

were brought to a state of complete exhaustion. In the courtyard, in the

corridors, everywhere ~~were seen~~ arrested people standing under

guards with their hands behind their backs, and their faces to the wall.

~~Interrogations were~~ ^{concerned themselves} only with the ringleaders of the "counter-revolution". In the offices of the ~~special~~ ^{field} agents these unfortunates

could be seen, with their hands above their heads, counting "stars" (the

form of torture I already described above.) If the arrested person fell to

the floor from exhaustion, they soaked him with cold water, stood him on

his feet, and asked: "Well, what do say, you counter-revolutionary, will

you confess?" If the person did not answer, or tried to say that he was

not guilty, the examiners shouted, swore ⁱⁿ especially flowery and coarse

language, and began to beat him up. They knocked out his teeth, ~~beat~~ ^{pounded} him in

the eyes, and often broke his ribs.

The arrests reached such huge proportions that there was no room to turn around in ~~in the administrative end of the NKVD~~ ^{in the quarters}. The corridors, the rooms of the examiners, the toilets, were all jammed with arrested persons.

~~With~~ Military men of the Red Army ~~xx~~ had it much worse than civilians. They took them into a corridor especially ~~xxxxxx~~ meant for undressing. Buttonholes, signs of rank, stars on the jackets, orders, were all torn off and thrown into a drawer standing in the corridor. It was about a meter long, a half meter wide, and 70 centimeters deep. In the course of three weeks of arrests this drawer was ~~filled~~ crammed full. After this they took the arrested military men into a special, so-called, halting ~~place (stoppage)~~ room. It was very cold, and purposely made dirty with excrement that was never ~~xxxxxx~~ removed. The victim strapped to his skin, they took his clothes away for special ~~xxxxxx~~ investigation, and the arrested person stayed in the cold room up to his knees in that mess for several hours.

In conjunction with the great number of arrests, the NKVD of the republic issued an order: the arrests were to be continued further, ~~the questioning~~ ^{interrogation} of those arrested would not be made, but they would be sent under guard deep into the heart of the country to special prisons.

One of these was the Orlovskaya prison.

"The Black Marias" started to unload the ^{NKVD} buildings. ~~of the~~

~~NKVD~~ were sent ~~by NKVD~~ railway to other prisons.

According to incomplete data, for the period from the 8th of July 1938 to the 8th of August 1938, 87,200 persons were arrested in the Kiev Oblast' and in parts of the Kiev ^{Okru} military ~~district~~. There were not enough ~~guard~~ ^{for} troops. Very fine bonuses were offered to the students of the Khar'kov School of the NKVD if they would ~~assist~~ aid in the transportation of convicts to the distant places of the Soviet Union, but even among them there were no volunteers.

In the middle of August 1938 the school returned to Khar'kov.

Comrade Yezhov's ~~the~~ special mission ~~at~~ had been completed.

IN THE TORTURE CHAMBERS. THE END OF "THE IRON PEOPLE'S COMMISSION."
AR."

In this way they took us by main force ^{#2} they stopped being ceremonious, and we had to remember the proverb: "In for a penny, in for a pound." The logic of the facts led us to such a conclusion. But the process which ~~overcame~~ ^{overcame} our ~~own~~ consciousness and minds was much more complicated.

My position as assistant to platoon commander, an early Party member, and a functionary of the Komsomol organization in itself isolated me and put my comrades on their guard. But a more ~~mutual~~ mutual aliena-

tion was caused by the presence of secret co-workers in our midst, I could exchange ~~xxxx~~ careful thoughts with very few students, but nevertheless it was felt that the majority of the Kiev experience-demonstration training had not been accepted internally: the sickness of protest had been ~~xxxxxx~~ pushed ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ under cover, and no more.

The authorities decided to continue the "practices." There were no class studies. We were broken into groups and distributed by sections. The senior course, which was ~~awaiting~~ ^{waiting} graduates in a month, started to prepare for examinations. They were not taken out to these "practices."

My group was sent to ~~the administration of the NKVD~~ ^{the NKVD}, under the direction of the same Yanovich, who had ~~been~~ by this time become a junior lieutenant of State Security. When we appeared before him, he ~~was already~~ ^{was already} ~~awaiting~~ ^{awaiting} us. He ~~xxxx~~ came up to me at once.

"Aha---it seems I recognize you...But what happened surely will not happen again?..."

"What, ~~xxx~~ comrade junior lieutenant, there will be no more such ~~interrogations~~ ^{interrogations}."

"No," Yanovich frowned, "there will be such ~~interrogations~~ ^{interrogations} but there will be no more such actions on the part of the students."

I bit my tongue.

"Who is the oldest?"

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"I, comrade junior lieutenant."

"Are you here for long?"

"I don't know, comrade junior lieutenant."

^{All right}
~~the~~ practice will go on for a long time. I think that
 now I ^{shall} ~~shall~~ teach you to really work. You ~~will~~ ^{will} see everything. In a moment
 you will meet those who marked up the voting ballots. Do you remember,

Comrade Brezhnev? We won't lose time."

Now there was no more to think about ^{our objection to interroga-}
~~the fact that question-~~
~~tions which~~ included torture. There would be tortures, and we
 could not abort them.

Much has written about the tortures. I will tell of some torture
 chambers and measures which I learned about in the practice at Khar'kov.

We worked in the cellars of the NKVD and in the inner prisons of the ~~admin-~~

^{by a question}
~~Yanovich~~ ~~xxxx~~ questioned for a long time, ~~xxxx~~ by this ~~xxxx~~
 making the person under question ^{half} ~~senseless~~. Then--the cellar. They go to
 the door, throw it open, put the fingers of the person to be tortured in
 the space where the hinges are, and ^{push} ~~xxxx~~ the door. The victim loses
 consciousness, they carry him away, bring him back, and again squeeze his
 fingers. One agreed after this to sign ~~xx~~ the paper, and Yanovich ^{said to us} ~~boast-~~
 fully ~~xxx~~ in a ^{stage} ~~stage~~ manner, ~~said to xxx us~~

"You see? But then would he have confessed under any other

conditions?...Of course not!..."

If the person under ~~questioning~~ ^{interrogation} withstood the torture ~~of~~ ^{by} squeezing his fingers, Yanovich tried another form: he squeezed the hand in a vise and pushed a needle under the fingernails.

The human spirit is strong. Some withstood even this torture. But the NKVD is the possessor of an unsurpassed arsenal. I saw a victim in solitary and guessed ~~his~~ ^{his} fate. They kept food from him for a long time, and then brought bread and herring in unlimited quantity. The starved person stuffed himself, and when he got thirsty they refused him water. Then they stripped him to ~~bare~~ ^{his} skin, took him into a dark room, made him suffer in the darkness, and ~~put~~ ^{turned} on the light. The poor man sees in the wall ~~a~~ ⁱⁿ niche covered over with ~~xxxxx~~ screening. Behind the screen ~~water~~ ^{is} in a glass container. The person steeled himself for a long time, but then he began to break the screening, mutilated his hands, even his face, and finally lost consciousness. Then they poured water over him, gave him a swallow of water, gave him ^m a rag to wipe the water from the floor, and tore it out of his hands when he wanted to put it into his mouth.

The most horrible thing of all was the rat chambers (or the "nursery", as it was sometimes called). This was a room the walls of which were covered from ceiling to floor with shelves. The passage between them is narrow. On the shelves ~~are~~ ^{live} many rats live and breed. The person is

pushed into the rat chamber for two to three minutes. Two to three are entirely enough. They put on the light and from all sides--from above, from the sides, from below--hundreds of rats head for the victim. In this room which I saw, there was even a set of shelves erected in the middle of the room. I heard that ~~some~~^{somewhere} had lasted 3 to 4 minutes because he accidentally had sugar in his pocket, and he threw pieces to the rats. The rats rushed upon the sugar, gnawed it, ~~time~~ time passed, the Dzhokists opened the room and were astonished to ~~see that the~~^{see that the} ~~victim~~^{was} (unharmed and had ~~not~~ gone out of ~~xxx~~ his mind. But the chance of this was small! The rats have been trained. They don't (or ~~by~~ ~~the~~ ~~more~~ ~~of~~ them don't) notice the sugar; they see their victim and have grown accustomed not to be a bit afraid of him. This is why it is called a "nursery". ^{But} This ~~however~~ is not the whole story. The rat chamber is not used merely to force a confession; no, persons condemned to death are put in there, too. In three minutes attendants, dressed in special clothes, pulled out a gnawed-up corpse.

~~the nature of~~
Such was ~~an~~ Yezhovism. But everyone knows now that there was no Yezhovism, that it was Stalinism in one of the stages of its functional development. It was just at that time that Nikolay Ivanovich Yezhov's end came. Nikolay Ivanovich Yezhov--Commissar-General of State Security.

They unexpectedly called us into school. We ⁰ came. The duty

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officer registers us and sends us into the club. Soon everyone has gathered, even the authorities. The ~~commissar~~ ^{director} makes a speech in the usual tone of a state orator, as if nothing had happened: Yezhov, for misuse of power vested in him by the people, and for terrorism directed against the people, had been removed. ~~xxx~~ In the mean time he remained people's Commissar of Water Transport, but his fate was decided: he was to be ~~put on~~ ^{sent} ~~to the~~, but this information had to be kept secret for a while.

"I order you to take down the portraits," said the head of the school, playing the ~~part~~ ^{role} of an extremely pained person, and concluded:

"This is how the Party deals with everyone, be he small or great People's ² Commissar. But--keep quiet about it! Do you understand?"

- Beriya had been characterized as a person of another stamp and an old friend and companion in arms of Stalin's.

Of course, this stunned us, but ~~of course~~ ^{on the other hand} it didn't sadden us. We could still at that time think that ~~it was~~ ^{it was} Yezhovism ~~xxx~~ and means ~~xxx~~ ^{hope} for the best. Yezhov's departure ~~xxxxxxx~~ had its effect ~~on~~ ^{on} our school life: our "criminals", Filatov and Panyushkin, were freed. ~~xxx~~ In order that this not be an act of pardon, they sentenced them to 20 days arrest (they had already ~~served~~ ^{served} them out) and ~~dismissal~~ ^{dismissal} from school. This order was signed by the Deputy People's Commissar Chernyshev.

This ~~was a very serious disturbance to~~ ^{was a very serious disturbance to} the peace of the school: the boys

complained, it seems, and they were the most morally ^{un}persevering among us. Only much later did we see that one way or another there was a ^{line} ~~line~~ the free life of Filatov and Panyushkin. They were not to know that relatively and conditionally free life which the civilian population of the USSR has: history will stretch out in a ~~line~~ ^{queue} with two ~~lines~~ ^{groups} ~~things~~ in it and these boys will not manage to get away without paying. Sooner or later this little blemish in ~~xxxx~~ the story of one's life puts an end to one's freedom, and, perhaps, to one's life.

Because----Yezhovism was, is, and will be, until Bolshevism crashes to destruction.

PAPANIN'S GLOEMERY

There was a great to-do....An expedition ^{was} ~~landed~~ on ^{ice} ~~ice~~ floe at the North Pole itself. The expedition consisted of Papanin, Fedorov, ~~K~~ Krenkel, and Shirshov. His drifting station was soon ~~named~~ named for Papanin, but the people already knew that of the four "explorers", ~~and~~ Papanin ^{represented} ~~represented~~ nothing. He was ^{so-so} ~~so-so~~ puny commissar. But, it goes without saying that the fate of the expedition interested everyone. And then on the 9th of February 1938 they took the quartet off the ice floe near the south-western coast of Greenland. If there was any noise previously, now it seemed as if the earth's crust would ^{split} ~~shatter~~ in a moment from the rumpus raised by the Soviet press. "The heroes" soon began to travel

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far and wide to ~~the towns~~ ^(cities) to give speeches, far from ~~being~~ scientific in their content, but overflowing with descriptions of life on the ice floes and more than that, with praises of Stalin, the Party, the government. "Bolshevik persistence"....."unceasing care"....."ingenious perspicacity".

~~But~~ Those who attended these "welcomes to the heroes", and ~~as~~ those who only read about it, involuntarily asked themselves: "Why are these three so close-mouthed, so overly modest, so astounding ~~in~~ ^{ineloquent?}"

but Popov ~~blew~~ ^{flew} everywhere singing like a nightingale. He even got to us. For ~~us~~ us this meant a rehearsal.

The welcome was to take place at the south station of Khr'kov. They sent us there daily. We surrounded the station in a chain and broke up into groups. Now we arranged ourselves in rows, now we went to our assigned places. In the end we learned by heart where each should go.

On the day of the show the square before the station looked like this: a ~~ring~~ ^{ring} of militia, behind them a ring of heavy and light cars, a third ring--again of militia men, a fourth made up of us, but we were dressed in ~~uniforms~~ ^{plain clothes}. Our task was to mingle with the crowd and to ~~shadow~~ shadow people, as they say, from ~~within~~ ^{the crowd}, eavesdropping ~~on~~ ^{con-}versations, ~~and~~ studying the peoples' faces to discern their moods. We were ordered ~~to~~ no more and no less than ~~to~~ avert an attack!

The workers and employees came to the square by columns, carry-

ing flags, ~~xx~~ signs, and portraits, but in the square the columns broke up, and formed a sea of heads, a crowd.

Papanin and two companions went up ~~on~~^{to} the platform. I don't remember which one of the four was missing. ~~xxxxxxx~~ They were already not speaking very optimistically of someone. A year had not passed before in general only Papanin's name was still remembered.

Papanin spoke briefly, and ~~spoke without any sense, without speed~~

The listeners looked at one another. Cooking the soup, cleaning the pots (scum on four fingers), sitting in the tent because they were ~~afraid~~ to fall into the jaws of a bear. Nothing about the scientific work and almost nothing about the scientific workers of the expedition--only Papanin, chief, cook, and bottle washer. And--Party director, head.

It is difficult to say how the confusion started. All the "rings" were mixed up, the cars turned over and shifted. A jam started. And what is worst of all--the public whistled and shouted ~~xxxxxx~~ words which were not very respectful. The militia took to its guns, and somehow order was resumed. They shoved Papanin into a light car and it tore out onto Sverdlov Street, and then onto Stalin Street. Other cars followed. Here it was safe: the whole fifty kilometer route was ~~xxxx~~ clear, and along the sides of these streets stood two rows of militia.

In the evening we aired ~~our~~ our ~~xxxxxx~~ adventures. Many of

us got it from the militia (for we were ^(plain clothes) in ~~uniform~~). Someone got a bruise. Others had no adventures. ~~We~~ Strictly speaking, we ~~talked~~ ^{were silent} for ~~nothing~~ and ~~held out~~ our sides and faces.

THE SENIOR COURSE

1939 started with a lull. Having passed our examinations, we took our place as seniors, and this meant: more concentration, reserve, endurance, ^{mental} ~~less~~ wandering and loafing. We became ~~checkpoints~~ ^(stepping over or sliding over) the fateful threshold, as the case may be. The junior course had been picked but it was nothing like ours had been: the reinforcements had come not from the army or ~~management~~ ^{industry}, but ~~then~~ from the cadres of the NKVD itself, i.e., people, who to a known degree were united and broken in.

Our practice ended. We buckled down to theory. The general course of studies was narrowed to make room for the special.

Little by little secrets and details of the systems were disclosed to us. ~~So~~ They acquainted us with net of NKVD agencies thrown over civilian agencies and enterprises. Until then, when going into a restaurant (in ^{plain clothes} ~~uniform~~, in my ~~own~~ ^{left} time), I felt pretty free and could chatter without excess caution, it seemed. Now I knew that the director was a co-worker of the NKVD, the waiters, ^{concession} ~~secret~~ workers, attendants, were secret co-workers. ~~xx~~ Who was dangerous, and who was safe, it was difficult to figure out, but they were there, and don't forget it for a

moment. This is how things were everywhere--in the hotel, in the tea ~~xxx~~ room or beer room, in the store (especially in the wine store), ~~in~~ the railroad ~~station~~, at the cashier's office at the station. These "eyes and ears" were connected with the militia.

We became fit for use in "the most democratic state in the world" and ~~xxx~~ ⁱⁿ the realization of different doubly-democratic enterprises and campaigns, for example, ~~xxx~~ in ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ subscribing to loans in the name of the USSR "voluntarily-by force". Here is how I personally took part in this.

I have often ~~not~~ had to start the description of this or that episode with ~~the~~ ^{this} fact; ~~that~~ there was a meeting, ~~meeting~~, and a speech was ~~made~~ ^{made}....What can you do! In Soviet life this is the principal and daily ~~thing~~.

And it happened the same way now--a meeting and the speech by the ~~commissar-director~~ (on the subject of the meaning of Soviet loans, as a means of protection of the interests of the workers from voracious capitalism). We were all mobilized ^{for this campaign} in accordance with the decision of the oblast' committee of the KP(b)U and the political ~~department~~ ^{department} ~~administration~~ of ~~the~~ ^{headquarters} NKVD. I was attached to the Pedagogue Institute.

Arriving at the institute, I bumped into a woman about 35 years old in the corridor. (later I discovered that she was the secretary

to the director. I asked her to get to the director, and, perhaps, I frightened her terribly with my uniform. In confusion, she said:

"Let's go. I'll take you..."

On the way she would quicken her ^{one moment} ~~stop~~ and then ~~stop~~ ^{proceeding} and she kept looking at me, evidently wishing to ask me about something and ~~xxxxxx~~ but afraid to do so. Finally, she could not stand it; she took me by the sleeve and extremely carefully ~~xxx~~ and most anxiously; ~~asked, trem-~~

~~bling,~~

"You surely are going to arrest him?"

"No, no!" I hastened to calm the poor thing and involuntarily smiled more affably than ~~xxx~~ becomes a Checkist.

Then she impetuously rushed ahead. I could barely keep up with her. ~~xxxxxx~~ She entered the office alone and immediately returned for me. Forewarned by her, but still agitated, he stood behind his desk, a ~~modest~~ little old director. ^{of medium height} He stood erectly. He seemed to me to be a nice guy for some reason.

I don't know ~~if~~ ^{if} he heard my greeting. I hastened to help him ~~by~~ very quickly ^{telling} him the reason for my visit. Half dead with fear, the director was overjoyed as a child.

"Sit down, sit down....And I thought....Excuse me, please..."

The secretary entered. She had obviously ^{been} listening at the door,

and was no less glad than the old man. She immediately became alert and efficient, brought the notes of the institute personnel, ready to be signed, ran for the secretary of the institute Party organization (I remembered his name--Ovcharenko). Mariya Ivanovna (the secretary) reminded us that the meeting would start in 20 minutes, and took off.

The hall greeted us with applause, which did not surprise me. The director pulled me by the hand up to the platform. We sat down at the table of the ~~presidium~~. Opening the meeting, the director ^{introduced} ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ me as the representative of the oblast' committee of the party and did not forget to mention that I was from the NKVD school. You must suppose that everyone there took ~~my presence~~ ^{my presence} into consideration. As always, there were many speakers. I spoke too--with an imploring request that they make loans to the state.

When they started to come up to give their signature, I looked at the "work" of the volunteers, and, perhaps, helped those who were hired: they tried everything, persuading, inciting, and acting on ^{the people's} ~~their~~ "consciousness".

The director took the pen first.

"One hundred and fifty percent of your monthly salary, Comrade ~~Director~~ Director, not less, eh?" Ovcharenko nosed up to him, and the director, with a stony face and shining eyes, signed away 150 percent of

his salary.

Now it was ~~xxxxx~~ hard for the ~~xxxxx~~ ^{great} to give other than 150 percent. I avoided meeting any glance. I was sorry for these people because ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ the wage-earners and in general the intelligentsia in the USSR are becoming paupers. I avoided ~~xxxxxx~~ looking into the eyes of these of these people, but they, on the other hand, caught my eye, and I saw: "I am loyal, I am ~~xxxxx~~ devoted, I will sign!..."

No one gave less than his monthly salary. The principles of democracy in the Soviet manner ~~xx~~ had been upheld completely.

WE LEARN TO KILL

In the early days of July we heard a lecturer who was working in the Khar'kov military ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{Okna}. The lecture was concerned with a detailed report on Poland. The borders of the Russian possessions ~~xxx~~ during the time of the tsars were looked over, the ethnography, too, the "terrible" situation of the White Russians and Ukrainians living on territory ¹¹ seized by the Poles was emphasized, and, of course, everything was leading to the point that "our blood brothers" are waiting to be freed, that only we can free them, that the hour of freeing them was near, that the Soviet government is sick at heart for the ^{western} oppressed Ukrainians and White Russians and ~~xxx~~ has done vigorous thinking on how to organize help for them.

In a very short time we had a second ~~xx~~ lecturer from ~~xxxx~~

~~administration of the NKVD~~ ^{his lecture} His subject was the activity of Polish espionage although he touched upon the espionage work of other states. Bringing in several examples of foreign espionage work in the USSR, he spoke of the necessity of counter-espionage, and here it became absolutely clear to us that he was speaking of action against Poland, since the main blow in sketching the methods and organization of our counter-espionage was made on how to fight chiefly with the Polish agencies. The panegyric in honor of the unconquerable Red Army strengthened us in our surmise: wait for war. We soon turned our attention to the forced stock-taking of those liable ~~to military service~~ ^{regional military committee} conducted by the ~~regional military committee~~ ^{regional military committee}. Suddenly the call came for re-qualification in the territorial parts.

This was undercover mobilization.

They again began to sound the ~~haxia~~ ^{haxia} alarm for us, when something was ~~happening~~ ^{happening} and when it wasn't. When something was going on, we surrounded a station ~~saxing~~ ^{saxing} when a mobilized echelon was passing through or when trains carrying ammunition, provisions, etc, were passing through. The population also already saw--war! For some reason ~~tanks~~ ^{and guns} got stuck in the squares and they covered them with tarpaulin, as if ~~it~~ ^{they} could deceive the persons from Khar'kov who understood that tanks and guns don't stick out of places where they don't belong unless there is a reason. And the ~~lowering~~ ^{spoke of a great deal} lowered level of provisions ~~to~~ ^{to} the citizens of

Khar'kov, and spoke at the top of its lungs.

Finally, the mobilization began to be conducted openly. The students were examined in the oblast' committee of the Party and qualified as political instructors taken on as extras during the registration.

On the 1st of September the entire population of the USSR found out about the crossing of the German-Polish border, at 8 points at once, it seems. England and France announced war with Germany on the 3rd of September. On the 16th Poland was finished. Only then did the Soviet citizens figure out the ~~point~~ ^{point} and ~~aim~~ ^{aim} of Ribbentrop's visit ~~in~~ ^{to} Moscow, and the ~~secret~~ ^{secret} aims of the mutual obligations of Nazi Germany and Bolshevik USSR. They began to speak with increasing freedom of the unnaturalness of the fraternization of the Nazis and the Communists, and the people waited: what next?

In the meantime, the rayon committees of the Party, the ~~USSR~~ ^{USSR} ~~municipal~~ ^{municipal} soviets, and rayon soviets worked the clock around. The NKVD and the militia were transferred to barracks, the housing administrations introduced nightly guard of the inhabitants, patrols wandered about the town, osodmilitsey (members of the society for ~~xxx~~ ^{xxx} assistance to the militia) were called to take on subsidiary service--they carried subpoenas ~~to people~~ ^{to people} to appear at the ~~military~~ ^{military} Commissariat of War, etc. They packed the town with mobilized men. The inhabitants of homes which were suitable for ~~war~~ ^{war} needs were removed and resettled in the apartments of other people,

were loaded even without these new people. These mobilized were immediately separated from everyone, and those who were late were handed over to the law. Something inconceivable happened. Many could not say goodbye to their families, but, in the meantime, sat in some kind of school or in a garage, with nothing to do, half-hungry, unhaven, dirty. One of the ~~many~~ few churches which had escaped destruction (on Lysaya Hill) ~~isak~~ was taken over for the storage of fodder, the Jewish synagogue (on Pushkin Street) ~~was~~ was loaded with mobilized men, and the square in front of it became a ~~stable~~ horse yard.

Every now and then they drove along people who were dressed in a ~~various~~ assortment of clothes, ~~and~~ tired, indifferent. These were either mobilized men or arrested persons. They could be distinguished by the route they took--if they were heading west, they were fighters, and if east, they were repressives. To a known extent this was so.

The stab in the back which the Germans gave to the Polish Army the people could not take as other than a monstrous villainy. The agitation and the propaganda did not convince anyone of the justice of that base crime, just ~~the~~ the governmental declaration announcing the order to ~~xxxx~~ march across the border did not convince. The thought of a possible encounter with the German Army disturbed everyone, but on the 23rd of September the treaty concerning the borders was signed--in other words,

the partition of Poland. It was at that time that the following anecdote appeared: "We will stretch out a brotherly, helping hand to the oppressed peoples, and then they will stretch out their legs themselves." ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~
~~xxxx~~

The western White Russians and the Ukrainians round themselves in this position.

The Red Army did not win honors in the Polish campaign. ~~xxx~~
~~xxxxxxxx~~ The army piled into weakened Poland, half-~~re-~~^{re-} ~~seen~~ ^{like} a herd.
 Only in some places the remains of the Polish Army made an angry, noble stand. Echelons of prisoners of war were taken east. They were not fed, they were deceived, they were laughed at. There were scoundrels even among the civilian population. These inhuman people ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ^{hung around} the railroad routes to get to the cars and, in exchange, for a loaf of bread or a jar of cheap preserves would take watches, rings, full value Polish zloty (they "bought" them cheaply with Soviet rubles) from the prisoners. Speculators of high rank poured into the territory leading towards the USSR: propagandists, writers, sportsmen, etc. They said of the former Count Aleksey Tolstoy that he rapidly bought up all the best unique things in the antique shops in L'vov. The wives of the Red Army commanders rushed to the stores in the occupied towns and decked themselves out in penoires. The amusing and the disgraceful existed side by side ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ violently: ~~at once~~

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Soviet poverty, constant scarcity, and invincible thirst to grab and take advantage of everything was revealed ^{at the time}

The introduction of Soviet currency was too much ^{for} the freed, blood and class brothers".

The guarding of the borders was handed over to the border sections of the NKVD, and guarding of the interior was also given to the troops ~~of the NKVD~~. ~~Responsible~~ responsible workers to "take hold" and "bring order" were needed. These, too, for the most part, were Chekists. The organs of the NKVD and the militia were quickly set up in the occupied regions. Some schools of the NKVD let out their students before their term was up.

They didn't bother us ^{in the meantime} ~~xxxxxx~~. On the other hand we couldn't complain about ~~the~~ ^a lack of information. Not only did they keep us in the course of events, but in class we followed a special subject: the sources of recruitment of the agency ~~xxx~~ net, and ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ ^{a computation} of the population and techniques of ~~xxx~~ passport system in the new ~~xx~~ oblasts of the USSR. All kinds of secret orders from Beriya were worked out daily. Little by little the rumor spread that we were to be ^{given} ~~assigned~~ ^{"assignment"} a special ~~command~~. The authorities tried to fight this rumor.

An especially ^{large} ~~great~~ amount of time was given over to studying the order for how to conduct the passport system. In the schools of the

NKVD and the militia, in the ~~classes~~, and for the ~~commanding staff~~--a seminar in the administration of the militia, in the passport-registration division (PRO)--brief courses for the workers already having an experience record, etc., etc.,--everything was set going. The order was emphasized: "In order to conduct the passport system in the Western Ukraine and White Russia, the population of both sexes must be fully taken into account. The class enemy tries all means to incite the people against the Soviet power." We learned a special questionnaire. You understand that I can't remember the contents in full, but the all-encompassing nature of this questionnaire will be evident from the following fragments, whose phrasing I will try to give as close to the original as possible.

In the upper righthand corner of the questionnaire ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ in heavy type and spaced, ^{out} was written: "Absolutely secret." Then followed questions as to last name, first name, patronymic name, date and place of birth. After these general questions followed questions of a specific-investigation nature. The social position and origin of the person filling out the questionnaire and of his father. Then military service with the sub-points: since when, ~~to what~~ ^{was your division} what (last) rank. This was in reference to the Polish and Tsarist army. Together with this it was necessary to give exactly where he lived, worked, what he did in general, starting at the age of 18. This point ^{was separately given} ~~stood apart~~ whether

the person had ever served in an army fighting against the Soviet army.

Ties abroad was divided ^{into sections} and here were found the questions: who lives abroad and where, who do you correspond with, how long has this communication been going on; in the case of relatives the closeness of the relationship had to be given.

Party membership--in detail and exactly to indicate: name of party, its affiliate, nature of participation in party work. They had in mind membership to the Communist Party and the Komsomol, too. Underground work had to be clarified with great ~~xxx~~ exactness. Party reprimands (for Communists) also had to be told ~~without~~ ^{will you} holding ~~anyone~~ back.

General activity--resembled the information asked about Party affiliations: was the person in a trade union--where, in which one, when, what did he do in it, did he enter by election or co-optation, was he in cooperative organizations, etc.

Impressment by Polish powers--what kind (arrest, exile, administrative reprimand), when, for what reason, term of punishment.

Despite the fact that these questions entangled the person hand and foot the questionnaire demanded exact answers to the questions: what the person was doing at the moment the Red Army marched into Poland, what he is doing now, did he join the nationalist movement, who he has his business connections with.

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lying and paid with their lives, their freedom, others got by the "vigilant eye."

All this, in addition to some information to follow, became known to me later, but I find it more appropriate to gather these details of "the freeing" of the Western White Russians and Ukrainians in one place, because it is further necessary to clear up the spot with facts and events which I myself saw when I too was called to participate in the "construction of socialism" in the new territories.

To the ~~question~~^{topic} of the questionnaire on ~~the passport system~~^{the} I will add that the Soviet passport system of 1932 ~~xxxxxx~~ cost the people of the USSR ~~2~~ millions ^{of (kotschki)}

We soaked knowledge about the passport system and, as I have already said, felt ~~xxxxxx~~ ourselves destined for some big crime--for an operation, as the Chekists say. We were ~~in~~^a reserve of "liberating" force. Or--of forceful "liberation", if you wish.

We were being prepared for a new appearance ~~by~~^{in the field of} the USSR. Once a Lieutenant Tikhonov of State Security sent from the ~~political~~^{department} ~~division~~ gave us a report. He told us about the extreme unsuitability of ~~the fact~~ ^{being} ~~that~~ the natural borders of the USSR ~~were~~ separated by Latvia, Estonia, and Lithuania. If war should come, they could become "territory taken as a loan" by the opposing side (an expression of Stalin's). ~~xxxxxx~~^{Pointing} ~~xxxxxx~~ his

report to a definite conclusion, Tikhonov ~~seemed~~ ^{seemed} sharply ~~and~~ ^{and} He said that Vilno, the capital of Lithuania, obtained by us from Poland, was being given to Lithuania by the noble Soviet government. "We do not want another's land, but neither will hand over one vershok of our own to anyone". It was difficult to understand the eccentricity of the logic in Tikhonov's report, but mainly--who was encroaching on the territory of the USSR? Could it be Estonia?

They kept quiet about Estonia and her attack on the USSR, but they showered the lecturer with notes: why are we suddenly giving away a whole district gotten with the blood of Soviet soldiers?

These notes ~~marked~~ gave the lecturer satisfaction. For they were evidence of the disease of Chauvinism!

"Comrade Stalin knows what he is doing," Tikhonov answered.

Soon, perhaps, not only the Vilno district but the whole Balkan area will decide to ~~attach itself to us~~ attach itself to us,"

The "victory" over Poland, ^{been} wounded unto death, excited the appetite, alas, in more than one member of the Politburo of the VKP(b). It was our task to finish off those who had been thrown down.

GRADUATION

In the beginning of November 1939 we undertook to pass our examinations. The authorities acquainted us with Beriya's order: ^{student} ~~student~~

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having a total mark of not less than 4.75 would ~~xxx~~ be given the rank of Junior Lieutenant of State Security, but he must not have any failing marks; students who had even one failing mark would graduate in the ranks, but they had the right to take a re-examination in six months; the others, i.e., those not having a failing mark and with a total mark less than 4.75, would graduate as sergeants. In addition, the order gave the correspondence between these ranks and those of the Red Army: a Junior Lieutenant ~~xx~~ ⁱⁿ State Security is equal to a Senior Lieutenant ~~xx~~ ⁱⁿ the army, a Sergeant in State Security is equal to a lieutenant in the army.

We took examinations in 32 branches of ~~xxxxxxxx~~ knowledge. Failures were gotten mainly in political training, at the core of which stood a faultless knowledge of "A Brief Course in the History of the VKP(b)" especially the fourth, ~~xxxx~~ chapter, on ideology.

"This is the labor of Comrade Stalin himself," was impressed upon us. "If you do not ~~make~~ ^{familiarize yourselves with} this labor, ~~xxxxxxxx~~ then you will not be able to ~~fulfill~~ ^{do} your duties ~~xxxxxx~~ in the Stalin manner."

It was curious and comforting to see how in this exam or that those students failed who had served as feelers in the surveillance over us. I know how to explain this: perhaps, carrying tales, spying, informing are the lot of short-witted natures, but another explanation is possible-- this dirty work occupied their capabilities and time too much; it was an

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overloading of a kind.

However it may be, we were glad, ~~even rejoiced~~ at the misfortune of others.

The results of the examinations showed that a whole dozen had failed, six (among them, me) had gotten a mark higher than 4.75, and the rest were to be given the rank of sergeant.

They were supposed to be... Yes, and they became sergeants. And we six, we also became sergeants. No matter how much we protested, referred to the order of the People's Commissariat, they paid no heed to us, although they did not ~~xxxxxxxx~~ keep us from writing the reports. This business dragged on, we were already dispersed--and it stayed this way.

But we managed to win the round about the overcoats. The order said: All will get coats of the commander's type. They began to hand out the usual Red Army kind, with ~~the~~ right to alter them, the price of which was 50 rubles, and would be covered by the cash-box of the ~~financial~~ ~~department~~. The students gave in, but we, ~~xxxxxxx~~ slighted in our promotion, balked. No matter how they tried to persuade us or frighten us, we refused to ~~xxx~~ go to the armory for our ~~soldiers'~~ overcoats. They wanted to group us as "a collective agreement to mutiny", but we were not afraid of that even, and answered the decisive question the same as before:

"I don't know the others feel, but I personally insist that

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the order be ~~fulfilled~~ ^{carried out}."

An answer phrased this way excluded mutiny and conspiracy, and even lack of discipline: we wanted only to have the order ~~xx~~ carried out, and nothing more...

Since the school had no cloth from which to ~~sew~~ ^{sew} commanders' overcoats, they ~~xx~~ gave us ~~permissions~~ ^{permissions} at least to go to ~~xx~~ other military-uniform sewing ~~establishments~~ ^{establishments}. And we found them--one even sewed generals' ~~uni~~ overcoats exclusively, and had on its staff first-class military tailors.

When the overcoats were ready we gave the bill to the finance ~~department~~ ^{department}. ~~division~~ ^{division} one place asked 150 rubles for an overcoat, and another, 225. The head of the finance ~~division~~ ^{department} groaned, began to ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ complain, and ran to the director of the school. Returning, he took the bill to pay it, and mumbled to us:

"The devil with you!"

On the parade grounds we who had demanded our 4.75, stood in the right flank. The head of the political ~~division~~ ^{department} of the ~~XXXX~~ UNKVD, passing around the front, stopped before us, gave us an attentive glance, and also mumbled:

"The overcoats are s6-s6.....They are becoming overcoats".

We stood "modestly", our chests puffed out, our shoulders pulled back, not one wrinkle. We left the school ~~as~~ ^{as} such ~~fellows~~ ^{fellows}.

Now--whether I liked it or not-- I was a Chekist--" *a big wheel* ".

Each graduate was given 40 days leave, after which he had to ~~return~~ appear at the personnel ~~division~~ *department* of the administration of the NKVD *headquarters* in the Khar'kov Oblast!. From that day the graduates were dismissed from the easy life at the school. If someone did not wish to leave Khar'kov, and wanted to take his ease at school, he was not dismissed till the end of his leave.

On the 1st of December war with Finland was announced. I hastened to return *department* and arrived at the personnel ~~division~~ *department*, but received the answer: "when we need you, we will call, and ~~xxxxx~~ now you can finish your leave."

On the 23rd of December all graduates were called to the personnel ~~division~~ *department*. I came at 10.00. In the corridor of the director of the personnel ~~division~~ *department* stood several graduates, each telling how he spent his leave. At 12.00 the aide to the director of the personnel ~~division~~ *department* *showed* us *upstairs* *formation* and in 10 minutes the director of the personnel ~~division~~ *department* Tikhonov, Senior Lieutenant of State Security came out. He gave us a short speech on how Finland forced us to war by her provoking actions, and we had marched over the state borders.

"But remember! We will show the whole world our ability to fight and our techniques. We'll finish *with* the White ~~Finns~~ *Finns* in a month.

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The Baltic Sea will be ours and Finland will be a Soviet Socialist Republic."

"The Leningrad Military ~~Oktyabr'skiy~~ will be sufficient to finish off Finland," the director concluded.

The results of the war showed otherwise: not only ~~was~~ was the Leningrad Military ~~Oktyabr'skiy~~ unable to cope with the ~~xx~~ heroic Finnish people, defending their independence ~~xx~~ aggressors, but even the surreptitious mobilization of the Khar'kov, Kiev, and Orlov Military ~~Oktyabr'skiy~~ and the transference of Siberian divisions of the so-called Special Far Eastern Army could not suppress the Finnish army, and on the 12th of March, 1940, the Bolsheviks concluded a ^{peace} treaty with Finland, although ~~it included~~ territorial acquisitions, ~~xx~~ barely respectable for an enormous place like the USSR.

The hunt on the Baltic began; it was necessary to await provocation in turn--against Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia.

Soon after this call, they called me again and gave me a packet for the director of the ~~Oktyabr'skiy~~ rayon division of the NKVD in the ~~city~~ of Khar'kov, Junior Lieutenant Savitskiy of State Security, ~~xx~~

whose disposal I was to be. In 20 or 30

minutes I arrived and handed him the packet. The director opened it, rapidly ~~ran through it to see what it said~~ ~~looked over the contents of it~~, then looked at me, and said:

"But then your name seems familiar to me. You must be one of the ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ ones who ~~xx~~ caused ~~a~~ small mutiny because of the overcoats?"

I kept quiet, imagining that the "little tail" ~~as xxxxx~~ already trailing behind me, and now another would be added--the wish not to don a ~~xx~~ sergeant's squares.

"Well, it's nothing. All this will be ironed out," he continued. "I think you will right yourself in working. Were you in ~~xxxxxx of the~~ NKVD ~~before~~ before school?"

"No, Comrade Director."

"From where?"

"I was sent by the Party organization from ~~management~~ ~~xxxxxx~~."

"Ah...Then it is understandable. You still have a touch of ~~industry~~ ~~management~~ of civilian life."

"Now", he continued, "you have been assigned as a junior ~~xxxxxx operations specialist~~ ~~field~~ agent in the ~~xxxxxx~~ agency-informer net. The work is respected and responsible. I think that you already know that through school. You will receive a whole net of ~~an~~ agency and will work with the informers. I am giving you three days to get acquainted with

Vol II, U-1566

SECURITY INFORMATION

C I A

FOREIGN DOCUMENTS DIVISION

Volume II

26 November 1951

Report U-1566

School for Oprichniki¹

by A. Brashnev

Published as a series of articles in newspapers recently in Paris, France by an escaped Soviet NKVD Agent.

¹Soviet State Special Police of the NKVD (Soviet Ministry of Interior).

This report has not been edited or prepared for publication.

UNCLASSIFIED

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our staff. I myself, of course, will introduce you to everyone and then you will step into the course of general work. All our work is absolutely secret. Until then you can go home."

In three days I got acquainted with the ~~major~~ staff (of ~~major~~ significance) of the ~~division~~ of the NKVD. The staff didn't seem very big: the director of the division, who controls all the work of his staff, his aide, the senior ~~operative~~ ^{field} agent, the ~~operative~~ ^{field} agent, the secretary, the typist, the collector (who collected money in the stores of the territory comprising this rayon), two or three persons of ordinary soldier staff, who ~~carried~~ ^{carried} ~~xx simplified~~ ^{official} ~~messages~~ ^{messages} as the authorities needed it done. Now there was one more job added: the junior ~~staff~~ ^{field} agent for the agency-informer net.

The working day far from resembled the working day of the worker or employee of the Soviet Union. Here everything was arranged in its own way. A completely so-called abnormal day was worked here. It began at 10.00 ^{hours} (while the working and employees of the Soviet Union began at 07.30 ^{hours} clock) and work continued till 18.00. From 18.00 to 21.00 was the break for dinner, but this period was reserved for going over agency points and getting information from informers and agents. The working day continued from 21.00 ^{hours} to one in the morning. But we didn't always stop work at one in the morning because the director arranged meetings, and

instructions during the day. In addition, in the night, and sometimes even all night, arrests went on. So that for the workers of the NKVD 24 hours in a day was ^{too} ~~too~~ little.

On the other hand, the salary of NKVD workers was much higher than the salaries of ~~management~~ ^{industrial} specialists. During the time that I was

~~the~~ the director of the rayon division of the NKVD received a salary of 1200 rubles a month, the senior ~~special~~ ^{field} agent 860, the ~~special~~ ^{field} agent 800-800, the ~~xxxx~~ aide to the ~~special~~ ^{field} agent 760, the secretary 600 rubles. In addition, every worker ~~of the~~ NKVD who served three years in the NKVD receives a 10 percent increase, for 6 years--20, for 9 years--30, for 12 years--40.

Uniforms and ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ^{travelling expenses} are free. Their ~~housing~~ rent is reduced 50 percent. Persons having a special title (sergeant, junior lieutenant, etc.)

do not pay a cultural income tax. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ There were

~~closed membership cooperative~~ ^{officers' apartment} stores for the whole ~~commanding staff~~ including the

junior officer. The prices on all goods were 50 percent lower, and the

amount that could be bought ~~was~~ was unlimited. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ The Stakhanovite

movement and the fulfilling of the industrial finance plan (promfinplan)

was introduced not only in Soviet ~~management~~ ^{industry} but even in ~~the~~ the organs

of the NKVD. For each extra person arrested the rayon authorities received

There was also a prize a prize. For each additional person shared into ~~the~~ the informer net.

At the meetings ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the administration of the~~ NKVD ^{headquarters} the director of the ~~the~~

~~headquarters~~ praised those ~~xxxx~~ who arrested the most people and those who lured the most people into the agency. The senior ~~agent~~ ^{field agent} or the ~~special~~ agent were given this task: in a certain month ~~xxxxxx~~ everyone had to have so many ~~xxxx~~ ^{classifiers} absolutely completed in the KRC ("counter-revolutionary" division) or in the SPC ("Social-political" division) of the NKVD ~~administration~~. If he could not do the assigned numbers of ~~xxxx~~ ^{classifiers}, they abused him at every meeting for his inefficiency, reproached him because there were plenty of enemies of the people around, and he could not expose them. They encouraged bloodthirstiness. No one was interested ~~xxx~~ in whether the information and completed ~~xxxx~~ ^{documents} were truthful. The state needed manpower, white slaves, and whoever could get hold of these white slaves got ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{high level} financial compensation, acquired a title for the first time or received the next one in order, and finally--got all kinds of privileges.

Let me give an example of the difference between the workers of Stalin's secret police (okhranka) and the specialists having a higher education and knowing ~~management~~ ^{industry} industry. The chief engineer of the average Soviet industry gets 1000-2000 rubles a month, rarely more. The construction director of the ~~plant~~ shop got not more than 800 rubles a month; the engineer of the ~~technical~~ department of technical control got 500-550 rubles a month; the engineer-foreman of the shop got 400-450 rubles a month. That is all that a specialist receives. From this

salary they take out cultural, income and other taxes. Plus loans. They pay fees. They pay rent exactly according to the rates, etc. And what about the workers? The worker of the average classification receives 250-300 rubles, but the NKVD secret policeman--450-500 rubles and an increase according to number of years he works.

The population of the USSR sees some of what goes on (e.g., the cooperative stores) but only guesses about most of it. I want therefore to consider the relationship between the workers of the NKVD and the citizens of the Soviet Union ~~in~~ of any level. I have already spoken of the privileges of the NKVD worker, now I want to speak of his ~~restrictions~~ ^{restrictions}. He is forbidden to enter a restaurant, cafe, beer house and all social places in general in which ~~liquor~~ liquor and beer are served, while he is in uniform. Even in travelling a long distance, he does not have the right to order himself a bottle of beer in the dining car. Acquaintance and any kind of private conversations with the ~~population~~ ^{population} is categorically forbidden. Visiting private homes is severely ~~restricted~~ ^{restricted}. Going along the street or attending the theatre with his wife or with any female an NKVD worker does not have the right to take the woman by the arm. When conversations on digressing subjects are an ~~avoidable~~ ^{unavoidable} necessity, he may criticize only ~~the~~ pre-revolutionary ~~things~~ ^{things} or things relating to other countries. He is forbidden to criticize everything that directly

or indirectly relates to the Soviet Union or Communism. It must be mentioned that communication between themselves, i.e., between the NKVD workers is ~~severely limited~~ ^{strictly and categorically} forbidden to talk with those lower in rank. Thus, all people who on one hand are privileged, but on the other ~~are~~ have things left up to them, know very well that the slightest careless step ~~will~~ and they will fall into the abyss which for them is deeper than it is for those who are not in this system.

The NKVD worker lives an ascetic life, and if he allows himself something, he does it secretly, and solitarily, without losing his head, and ~~without~~ ^{without} being indulgent with himself. If the demand ~~of~~ ^{of} the party member is strong, the demand on the Chekist is ~~many~~ ^{many} times stronger. In conjunction ~~with~~ ^{with} this we can overlook the interrelationship and interconnection between the NKVD and the VPK(b).

The notion held by many (especially abroad) that in the USSR there is dictatorship of the Communist Party is erroneous. The Party serves as a support to the power, and penetrates into the masses of the people. It holds in its hands the trade unions, the cooperatives, and the ~~max~~ scientific and educational institutions, etc. But the Party itself, from top to bottom, is infiltrated by the NKVD agency. This condition, that the NKVD workers are themselves party members, candidates of the Party, Komsomols, and therefore in some degree subject to Party discipline, makes the question of the interaction of the Party and the punitive ~~and~~

system extremely complicated.

It is common knowledge that the Politburo of the TsK of the VKP(b) ~~is~~ is at the head of the state, although, in the structure of the organization of the Communist Party, it is only the functional organ of the central committee (that is why it is named as it is). However, a decorum is observed in the relationship of the constitutional organ, which ^{is} the Supreme Soviet, and in the relationship of the TsK and the oblast' committees of the VKP(b). The complex question which I have touched upon will be more or less capable of solution only with concrete examples, which I shall give.

Can Beriya, at his own discretion, even though it is not necessary, arrest any citizen of the USSR? No. There are exceptions and they are known. For example, Deputy People's Commissariat of Defense Tukhachevskiy was arrested by Yezhov only by direct order ~~Stalin~~ (or more exactly--~~by~~ with the agreement) of Stalin, who at first doubted the denunciations against the marshal. The arrests of members and candidates of the Politburo, members of the Supreme Soviet (Chervyakov, Kossiora, Postyshev, Petrovskiy and ~~others~~) was conducted also by Stalin's order. However, ^{it is necessary to} mention that in order for a member of the Supreme Soviet to be arrested the consent of the president must be gotten ^(secretly!) beforehand. If you ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ keep in mind ~~that~~ that the

presidents of the Supreme Soviet are "the closest companions in arms of Comrade Stalin" or in other words--his immediate subordinates--at first Kalinin, and now Shyvernik--it is clear how ~~easy~~ this consent may be ~~xxxx~~ obtained, which is necessary for the report of the ~~presidium~~ of the Supreme Soviet. It is a constitutional trick.

It means that there is a certain group of people which the NKVD must watch carefully in its relationship with them.

But the director of the rayon division of the NKVD can arrest the first secretary of the rayon committee of the Party, i.e., the highest head of the Party to which the Director of the rayon division ~~or the NKVD~~ belongs. Having this right, he must inform (in the following order) the secretary of the oblast' committee of the VKP(b), but only inform, notify, not account to ~~him~~ this hierarchy for his actions.

Less important persons of the Party apparatus and straight Party members are not distinguished ~~xxxx~~ by the NKVD from non-Party citizens: if it is necessary to arrest them, they arrest them. This is permissible even in cases of artificial selection of manpower for constructing new buildings (concentration camps), and only in individual cases a directive ~~xxx~~ with the permission or obligation to arrest this or that functionary of the Party, some ~~xxx~~ important ~~xx~~ person in industry, comes from the top--along the NKVD line.

It is curious how this interrelationship ~~looks~~ of forces within the Party organization of the NKVD itself, looks. Let's take a rayon. Of the NKVD workers let us say that ~~xxx~~ only the director of rayon division of the NKVD is a Party member, and all the rest are candidates and Komsomols. Then, a member of another filiate or even from the NKVD school ~~xxxxxx~~ with the title of Party organizer, is sent to work in the division in the capacity of a Party organizer. The Party organizer must ~~xxxxxx~~ carry on his ~~xx~~ purely Party work and has the right to be exacting with the candidates of the Party and with the Party member, the director of the rayon division. But the NKVD's have their own way, their own tradition. The Party organizer cannot help ~~xxxxxx~~ being afraid that for every instance in which he puts pressure on the director along the Party line the latter will repay him ~~xxxxxx~~ a hundredfold along the official line.

And so, I became a junior ~~special~~ ^{field} agent in the agency-informer net. In going over the agency-informer ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{documents} (there were about 60) I read over each report, and there was a countless number of them. They were all very illiterately written and ~~xxx~~ made ugly with a great variety of handwritings. Their content was also ugly and illiterate. Many of them were nothing but idle chatter, with no basis, mere gossip. All these papers had been gathered and shoved into a ~~xxx~~ portfolio which was ~~swelled~~

~~swell~~ ^{became} ~~with these numbers~~ ^{There was no system and the first thing I had to do}

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~~with~~ was to go over all these portfolios in search of some kind of system.

But here again practice and theory were divorced from each other. In school

they had taught that every agency ~~data~~ ^{class} collected from individual reports,

had to be systematized and filed. On the inner side of the back cover of

the ~~data~~ ^{class} remarks were supposed to be made on each report, ~~the~~ ^{a numerical} given,

and comments on the importance. In addition, the sum given to each a ~~ent~~ ^{ent}

had to be written out in figures and in full (in a special voucher), with

the order for why ~~xxxxxx~~ it was given. What I came upon in practice

the ~~absolute~~ ^{discrepancy} opposite of all this. The ~~data~~ ^{discrepancy} were not filed, there were no

remarks, no vouchers for money given out, and only in the corners of the

reports there were some kind of numbers...

In two days the deputy director of the political ~~administration~~ ^{department}

came to me; in my conversation with him I told of the difference between

theory in school and practice as shown in the ~~discrepancy~~ ^{discrepancy} and told him of my

last conversation with the director.

"Yes, there will be difficulties, but we will help you.

What kind of a Party record do you have?"

"One year."

"Well, that's ~~all right~~ ^{all right}. The political ~~department~~ ^{department} appoints you Party

organizer. (Those places where the Party organization does not have three

members of the Party, but perhaps many candidates, ~~the~~ ^a secretary is not

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~~ected, but~~ ^{a Party organizer} ~~is appointed by the political~~ ^{department} ~~division~~ or the rayon committee
 of the Party.) Since you have 4 candidates for the Party and only you are
 a member, only you can head the Party work. Besides you passed "The Brief
 Course in the History of the VAP(b)" ^{with an} ~~and~~ ^{and} therefore
 you are ~~under obligation~~ ^{to pass} your knowledge ^{to} the rest. It will also
 be easier for you in an official relationship. If the director of the
 division behaves badly you can take the question to a Party meeting and
 send your decision to us, and we will look it over, and if we detect the
 slightest ~~deviation~~ ^{deviation} from the general line, we will not even look at the
 director. True, he is our promoted worker, we will try to reconcile you
 and I too will speak to him, and ~~again~~ you will not hear such rudeness
 again."

The telephone rang. I picked up the receiver. The director
 had invited us to his office.

The ~~committee~~ ^{department} ~~was~~ ^{was} there in a full body, and we sat down
 too. The director, after ^{speaking} with the deputy director of the political ~~division~~ ^{department}
~~opened~~ the meeting. On the agenda for the day there were two ques-
 tions: the working out the secret order of the SNK of the USSR on the
 struggle with the ~~formation~~ ^{forming} of queues and the appointment of a Party
 organizer. The deputy director of the political ~~division~~ ^{department} spoke on the
 first question, telling the contents of the secret order of the SNK of the

USSR. The order stated: in connection with the situation being created in ~~the country~~... (here the speaker stopped and got a pad out of his pocket and continued) ...~~but~~ you know that we are fighting against the Finnish usurpers. And not only with the Finns but with ~~the~~ international capitalism and German fascism. World capitalism and fascism are helping Finland-- with arms, with provisions and with manpower. We would have finished with the Finns in a flash, but we are now fighting against world capitalism and fascism. The internal enemy is acting and wants to undermine the strength of our country. Someone who has gotten money from foreign espionage has begun to buy ~~in~~ great quantities of manufactured goods and provisions, and is trying to disrupt the planned supply of our enormous ~~cities~~ ^{cities}. The working people cannot get goods easily. The most decisive struggle with speculation ought to be announced, and only then can we liquidate queues. We must look for the enemy and we shall find him. The carrying out of the order has been assigned to the ~~the~~ militia organs, but we must ^{be} controlling. We must look after the militia too. Our side of it is political."

The speaker sat down and ~~the~~ wiped the sweat from his brow.

Then the director of the division ~~the~~ spoke: "Thanks to the wise leadership of Comrade Stalin, we shall cope with this work", --this actually is all he said, ~~padding~~ ^{padding} his speech with idle chatter. The same deputy to the director of the political ~~department~~ ^{department} also gave a speech about the second

USRR. The order stated: in connection with the situation being created in ~~the country~~... (here the speaker stopped and got a pad out of his pocket and continued) ...~~and~~ you know that we are fighting against the Finnish usurpers. And not only with the Finns but with ~~the~~ international capitalism and German fascism. World capitalism and fascism are helping Finland-- with arms, with provisions and with manpower. We would have finished with the Finns in a flash, but we are now fighting against world capitalism and fascism. The internal enemy is acting and wants to undermine the strength of our country. Someone who has gotten money from foreign espionage has begun to buy ~~large~~ great quantities of manufactured goods and provisions, and is trying to disrupt the planned supply of our ~~enormous~~ ^{cities} ~~towns~~. The working people cannot get goods easily. The most decisive struggle with speculation ought to be announced, and only then can we liquidate queues. We must look for the enemy and we shall find him. The carrying out of the order has been assigned to the ~~the~~ militia organs, but we must ^{be} controlling. We must look after the militia too. Our side of it is political."

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question. He explained the decision of the political ~~division~~ and added:

"The ~~sixxxxxxxx~~ situation in the ~~country~~ is serious. We must study 'The

Brief Course in the History of the VKP(b) and get marks not lower than

4, ~~the~~, an evaluation of 'good'. If we don't know we cannot fight with the

enemy. The speaker began to ask questions:

"Tell me, comrade ~~senior~~ agent, which chapter are you study-

ing?"

"The third, comrade ~~xxxxxxx~~ deputy director of the politic-

~~al division~~."

"And you, comrade senior ~~agent~~, what chapter?"

"I have to go to the third, comrade director."

"Well, there is nothing to ask you," he said turning to a

common soldier.

"And how about you, comrade director of the division?"

"I cannot make out the fourth chapter."

"Is that so? Well, Comrade Brazhnev will help you. He is ex-

cellent in all fields. The fourth chapter is very hard, of course. Comrade

Stalin himself wrote it."

And with this the meeting was brought to a close. To the whole

agency-informer ~~xxxxxx~~ was added the ~~xxxxxx~~ of the Party--all of it on

my head.

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JOB
MY ~~WORK~~ AND MY WORK

And so, I had to "show myself" in my work in ~~two~~ directions.

I, of course, looked at all by obligations as Party organizer as work, i.e. social-political activity by injunction. How could it have been otherwise

if my preparation was doubly Chekist and in the ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{Job} of the Junior

~~special agent~~ ^{I still} this preparation had to be put to use? But my "work" was

too concrete, it was determined by exact obligations and therefore it ~~came~~

~~about~~ that I had two ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{Jobs} - a paying and a non-paying.

The rumour about "The Brief Course in the history of the ~~xxxxxx~~

VAP(b)" did not ~~make~~ ^{catch} my fancy one bit, but I soon had to apply myself to

working it out. On the second day I called together the candidates ~~xx~~ ^{for} the

Party to start studies. An hour before classes the director appeared.

"How are things, Comrade Brazhnev?"

"Not bad, comrade director, they're getting along. A day or two more and everything will ~~be~~ get going. And how about you? I see you with a textbook all the time...."

"And that's just what I want to talk to you about."

We sat down. I took the book which the director had put on the table. It was new, the pages were not leafed, it flexed with the characteristic squeak of an unread book. I looked into the face of my "pupil".

He noticed this. I leafed further. I got to the fourth chapter - the "philos-

copy chapter.

"You are having difficulties, comrade director?"

"The truth is....(he grew confused)...I, you see, Comrade

Brezhnev, haven't gotten down to it yet. I have no time, day or night.

The political ~~situation~~ ^{the} does not want to understand ^I learn, know ^{& short} the ~~fact~~

~~Course~~ ^P, and no ¹...it's not so good ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ as far as I'm con-
cerned, of course, but..."

Some demon poked me in the side. I wanted to emphasize that

my authority depended to a degree on myself. I said:

"It's nothing! ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ You know our Chek at saying: 'Confess-

ion softens punishment!' We shall smooth over your fault, too."

The director looked at me sideways, and I understood that if

he had had the right to arrest me right then, he would have.

I had to stop short.

"I think ~~that~~ we'll manage it. You will know it "excellently".

The director understood ~~xx~~ ^{the} promise hidden in that phrase,

and ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ brightened.

The others gathered. In a few minutes the studies started.

I asked who knows what chapter. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Complete silence greeted me.

But really, who could be interested in this "work" ~~xx~~ Comrade Stalin, if

in itself the "Course" was boring to the nth degree, and facts found in

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it ~~was~~ known to be ~~xxxx~~ untrue, and the whole history of the Party was falsified?..

And this is how I began the studies in "The ~~short~~ Course".

I conducted them verbally, ~~xxxxxx~~ just adding, only to "carry out" the plan.

I began my basic work with a knowledge of it: I had to know what informers ~~xxx~~ my predecessor, the senior ~~field~~ agent, had selected. As soon as I ~~xxxxxxxx~~ finished putting into order the business correspondence, I set up a plan and got the director's approval. I immediately got after the informers.

The agency/informer net included the most assorted elements: unskilled workers, classified workers, employees, ~~xxxxxxxx~~ building superintendents and commandants, housewives, personnel of the rayon soviet, the rayon ~~xxx~~ commissaria ^{of voice}, and even criminals (convicted in the past and then released).

My first encounter was with a worker from the plant named S. evchenko--Valentin Zmey. He had at some time been convicted and this interested me. In my conversation I found out that he had been an informer for about a year, that he got a salary of ^{only} 200 rubles for working at plant, that he was a bachelor, that his parents had been sent to Karaganda in the course of dekulakization.

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"How did you happen to come to Khar'kov?"

"In 1932 I bribed the rural soviet to get papers saying that I was a poor peasant (bednyak). Well, and they signed me to come here, and here I am."

"How old were you then?"

"Fifteen."

"How did you live at first in Khar'kov?"

"How? I stole in the horse markets, pardon me, comrades director."

"And where did you live?"

"At a ~~xxxxxxxx~~ *greatly* ~~xxxxxxxx~~ *place*. we stole together. It was the only way we could support his ~~xxxxxx~~ mother, or she would have kicked the bucket."

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

This lad still had a touch of the thief in his soul: he said "real buddy" instead of "friend", "to kick the bucket" instead of "die".

A curious type!

"And then?"

"And then they caught me, gave me 5 years under ~~xxxxxx~~ 70."

(70 means Article 70 of the Penal Code USSR--stealing). They sent me ~~xx~~

//
out of Khar'kov to Temnyakovskiy Camp.

"How was it there?"

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"Oy, terrible, comrade director! ~~He~~ They died of hunger like

flies. The fine gentlemen were ^{the} ~~worst~~, different educated people. And in
time I organized a group. They would bring ~~greenies~~, some fine gentlemen,
he just turns around for a minute, and snapt his bundle of things is gone.
We used to strip them too. We would surround one: "~~Bring~~ your clothes. You
see, I have no pants." They ~~bring~~ ^{bring} and some: he didn't, we beat holy hell
out of him."

"And they send you out to work?"

"There were enough dopes without us. The authorities were
always after us. I wormed my way out through a ~~special~~ ^{field} agent."

"You became an informer?"

"Sure. I helped, of course, to fight the count rs. I tried
it once, even the ~~special~~ ^{field} agent was pleased. He ~~told me~~ ^{told me} some more."

"Tell me in detail, what kind of people did you make reports
on?"

"Engineers. One, Ponyushkin, said about the camp, it's worse
than a capitalistic one, he says. As if they brought them ~~here to mine~~ ^{here to mine}
~~turn a mind!~~ A counter. They called the director of the camp a beast."

"And when did they let you go?"

"I worked for two years with the ~~special~~ ^{field} agent. He gave me a
fine recommendation."

(4)

"You came to Kharkov? And they got you a visa immediately?"

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

"How shall I put it....The first time the director of the passport ~~division~~ only permitted me to come for a month, and got me a job at the Mikoyanovskiy kolhoz. Then I worked with him, he ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ shipped me to Shevchenko plant. I work as a welder at the smithy."

It seems ~~XXXXXX~~ the lad was proud of his work as an informer,

he shyly told how and what ~~XXXXXX~~

"They ordered me to follow a brigadier. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ he kept quiet,

though it was hard for him to do it. I had to drop a provoking remark.

I said: "No fight and fight and there's nothing to eat. It was better in

the camp." He said nothing, but another time, very tired, he came up to

me and said: "You're right, sonny. This is not a system, but ~~xxx~~ slave

labor." I told the ~~XXXXXX~~ agent. Soon after the ~~XXXXXX~~ brigadier talked

~~XXXXXX~~ some more. He came from his office, where he had been checking

~~XXXXXX~~ and said: "We work, and those who wear the Orders rake in the

money. Stalin's henchmen!" He swore, of course. Well, after that they

put the lid on him, because of my information, of course."

I let Zmey go without instructions.

I went over my ~~XXXXXX~~ --the plant imeni Shevchenko, the cement

plant, the textile factory, the housing administration, etc. (~~XXXXXXXXXX~~)

noted the times and ~~xx~~ meeting points. I got interested in the reports
in the ~~xxxx~~ signed "Wolf". Here are two of them, almost word for word:

" To the ~~xxxx~~ agent of the NKVD of the ~~xxxx~~ ^{Oktyabrskiy} rayon of
the city of Khar'kov. From informer ~~xxxx~~ Volk.

Report

Today electric welder M. (I will not give his complete name)
came up to me in ~~extreme~~ agitation and raising his voice began to tell
me about how he had worked many hours overtime, and had not gotten paid
for it. ~~xxxx~~ he started to curse the Soviet power. I recommended to
him that he complain to the plant ^{Party} committee. And as for your cursing the
Soviet power, the Soviet power has nothing to do with this. This is ~~xx~~
infamy but it is all being done by ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{some scum;} maybe even enemies are
bossing the thing, but Comrade Stalin can't know about everything.
He said he spits on the whole power; he needs money. I have a wife and
children ~~xxxxxx~~ at home, hungry, he says, and not a kopek. I told him
~~xxxxxx~~ ^{as} a member of the plant Party committee that we could not take up
the matter right now, and please not to curse the Soviet power. He spit
and said that you ought not only to be cursed but to ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{that every last one of you ought} be hanged,
that you have eaten away ~~xxxx~~ our soul. ~~xxxxxx~~ And he left. I maintain
that ~~the~~ M. is dangerous to us and ought not to work in ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{industry} ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{This} ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{is}
a class enemy sally. And what he says about hanging to the last man is
directed at Comrade Stalin. I ask you to remove him quickly.

Reported by informer Volk.

His ~~2nd~~ second report was to the same ~~special~~ ^{field} agents.

Today the friend and companion in arms of the great Stalin, People's Commissar for Heavy Industry Comrade Ordzhonikidze, ~~died~~ ^{died}. During the dinner hour I went into the dining room and sat down ~~at~~ ^{at} the table, where 3 people ~~of whom I was already suspicious that they were committing~~ ^{of whom I was already suspicious that they were committing} counter-revolution in the ~~restaurant~~ ^{machine} shop, two of them workers A. and B., and the third brigadier Ts. They gave us soup. The ~~brigadier~~ ^{brigade leader} said: "Well, comrades, ~~Khrushchev~~ Ordzhonikidze died and today the soup is excellent. ~~Khrushchev~~ But there are 12 of them. If they died one a day, surely for 12 days we would be filled. Worker A. said: "And if only Stalin would drop dead!" Ts. laughed and answered: "Then we'd certainly have a meal with pork." Then they looked around and left one by one, not waiting for the second. But I recognized these counter-revolutionaries. When they spoke against the deceased Ordzhonikidze and Comrade Stalin, ~~xxxxxxx~~ it wrung my heart, and I was ready to lunge at them but I restrained myself. Reported by Volk."

In the corner of the second report ~~"xxxxxxx"~~ ^{"Khrushchev"} was marked. This meant that a case was brought against them, but for some reason the report was left in the agency dossier.

The person who worked under the name "Volk" was a brigadier

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of electric welders Grigoriy ^F~~Padocoyev~~, a Party member, a member of the plant committee of the trade union, 45 years old, and with 17 years' experience at the plant. According to ^{his} Soviet conception he was a very respected person. His first question to me was: "And where is Comrade Makarenko?" I answered that they had ~~xxxxxxx~~ transferred him to other work.

"He was a fine person!" Volk practically sighed, and then tossed in ~~an~~ a side remark: "And he didn't hold back on the moonah either. Yes, there was moonah there."

"What, he ~~xxx~~ helped you with money?"

"And how! he ~~xxxxxx~~ was a bl help. Gave a couple of hundred rubles. He promised ~~xxx~~ to ~~xxxxxx~~ me to a ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{real} agent."

I got acquainted with informers from among superintendents of buildings. In crowded workers' quarters, ~~in~~ under conditions of constantly being underfed, in filth, uncomplimentary things slip easily from the lips about the power/which ~~xxxxxxx~~ declares itself to be a worker-peasant, proletarian power. The superintendent or the commandant ^{was} always appointed from among those checked and ready to serve as NKVD people. In the houses there are rooms for eavesdropping and there are tale bearers. I came upon a superintendent who had given reports on almost all of the tenants, and such reports that positively all had to be ~~xxxxxxx~~ rearrested.

"Tell me, comrade, I asked this enthusiast for carrying stories,

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"Why do the ~~XXXX~~ workers curse the power so maliciously?"

"I wonder about that too!" answered the superintendent uncertainly, evidently trying to figure out quickly why the Chekist had asked such a question.

"Well, all the same," I insisted, "you are always with them, you are like one of them."

- ~~XXXX~~
"Because of bad living conditions, I think... They are not giving out coal now, and ~~it's~~ it's cold in the cubby holes. Food too and wages..."

Commissariat ~~XXXX~~ 1/2
Grigoriy Frokin, a clerk in the Region ~~War-Office~~ was an informer there. I reproached him because he had so few dossiers to his credit, and that that did not fit in with the fact that mobilizing was going on and masses of people were passing through the ~~War~~ Commissariat. Frokin accounted it to ~~overfatigue~~ ~~XXXXXX~~. "We sit day and night". However, my reproach ~~brought XXXX~~ stung him into action.

"Do you have my last report, comrade director?"

Frokin asked me. "An interesting dossier, I think..."

"No. What is it about and when?" ~~1/1/45~~ ~~1/1/45~~ ~~1/1/45~~

"Surely, ~~if must be~~ a week and a half ~~ago~~ already. ~~this is it~~ We received an

order--mobilize the machine gunners. The order came to me and I gave it to the director of the ~~War~~ Commissariat. Suddenly I discover that he

mobilized the snipers, and the people have already been dispatched. I said to him that it was a mistake. And he snapped: "The ~~max~~ worse we recruit, Comrade ~~xxxxxxx~~ Frokin, the sooner we'll free ourselves of this ~~barbarian~~ barbarian labor".../So that's how it is! I thought it over and I saw that the director was not himself. In ten to fifteen minutes I went into his office for something else, and there he ~~was~~ sitting ~~and xxxxxxxx~~, guzzling ~~xxxx~~ vodka--~~straight from the bottle~~ ~~right out of the bottle~~. He had a whole litre in his hand, half finished. He gulped it to the bottom, tossed the bottle aside and collapsed. I said to him: "What's the matter?"... "Nothing, put me on the couch"....

In school No. 64 the head of the educational section was an informer and he too with a pile of reports.

Little by little the picture of informer ~~work~~ in the school at the disposal of ~~xxx~~ our informer became clear to me. There were always people for recruitment by him ~~xxx~~ him ~~xxx~~ teachers, ~~xx~~ pupils, from time to time even parents. Some ~~are~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ promoted ~~to~~ the administration of the school, others ~~are~~ considered that they will become known to us through the administration. They implicate the children, beating them down for their misdemeanors, for their quarrels, arousing revenge. The children take their injuries to ~~xxx~~ school--their domestic injuries, tell on their parents. ~~Some Komsomol~~ they make ~~commit~~ ~~Komsomol~~ slander, acting upon "Komsomol consciousness". Slander

in general is encouraged and is ideologically ~~xxxxxx~~ grounded by the whole teaching collective, with rare exceptions. The net becomes ~~in~~ dense and interwoven in a complicated way.

Of all the informers a militiaman made a good impression on me. In his dossier there was one report--it must be that it had been forced out of him, written under pressure from my predecessor. The report had no value whatsoever, nothing concrete.

"What's the matter, comrade, ~~xxxx~~ you aren't working so well?"

I asked him at ~~xxx~~ our first encounter.

"Not well? But I do outside work, I go ~~on~~ ~~xxx~~ ^{on} ~~theraids~~ against those not having passports, day and night ~~in~~ I break up queues, I have no time to go home."

"And how about the speculation? Have you turned many in to the division?"

"Are there speculators among us? They stand in line for bread, not for manufactured goods. Others only talk nonsense, without basis;

attached to the file The director is like a machine, grabbing fines of a 100 rubles, ~~xxx~~ but that is not true, there is no speculation here."

"Will you work with me?" I asked him in a tone which permitted him to refuse, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ for this "Milton" ^{had won me over} had won me over to his side.

He saw that he could risk it, so he started:

"Comrade director! Let me go! I can't work in this ~~bx~~ section!"

"All right, I'll let you go," I said and I put down five packs of "White Sea Cigaretts".

"Thank you, comrade director!...the was-become informer rejoiced.

I ~~xxx~~ watched him shove the cigarettes in his pockets, and I was silent.

He finished, pulled himself together, and ~~xxxxxx~~ waited. I said nothing.

"Bye I go, comrade director!"

"Don say. Go. Good ~~lxxx~~ luck."

In conclusion a few words about the agency-informer net.

Independent of ~~xxx~~ Party membership and non-Party membership, there are three ranks of secret co-workers: informers, agents, and residents.

The informers are the ~~sx~~ lowest rank, the most widespread.

Their work is ~~restricted~~ ^{limited}. They can: eavesdrop on ~~conversations~~ ^{conversations}, provoke

conversations, watch people, make use of (carefully) stories of other

people. ~~This is~~ ^{is} an exception; with the knowledge ^{of} and after being

instructed by ~~an~~ ^{the} NKVD worker, the informer may go into a restaurant

and arrange to have a ~~drink~~ ^{drinking party} with people under ~~surveillance~~ ^{surveillance} but in the

restaurant the informer does not have the right to make acquaintance.

The informer is forbidden to leave a given place with intent to shadow.

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~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ The resident has sufficient financial means and therefore sufficient opportunities to invite people to dine with him in the dining room. They can become acquainted along the way. The resident is usually a person of the highest education, NKVD workers in jobs not lower than ~~director~~ ^{of the NKVD administration} can have residents.

The informer, the agent, or the resident cannot be arrested straight off; ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ in case of necessity one must go to the nearest division of the NKVD; in urgent cases, to the first NKVD worker one meets.

The militia also has the right to take on informers, agents, and residents, but only depending on the job of the militia worker.

A commander of middle rank in the militia is obliged to have informers.

The director of ~~xxxx~~ a department of the ^{URKM} ~~XXXX~~ and those of the highest rank can have agents. The director of ~~th~~ a department of the ~~republic~~ ^{RKM} (and the highest ranking officers) can have residents.

Party-social organs are often provided with an informer net: responsible Party workers, Komsomols, trade unions, rayon executive committees, rayon soviets, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ municipal soviets, etc.; then the MOPR, plant directors, kolkhoz presidents, --a web entangling the whole population of the USSR, and threads ^{drawn together} ~~stretching~~, in every instance, into the NKVD.

Now--the methods of recruitment for the agency-informer

staffs.

This is easiest for the NKVD. Through their agency the workers of the NKVD select people. There are no special ceremonies. They call some citizen of the USSR by writ, ~~but~~ in no case to the NKVD, but as a rule, ~~xxxxx~~ through the organs of the militia or the ~~xxxxxx~~ prosecuting magistracy. In the first encounter with the person summoned, the following question is asked:

"Are you a Communist?"

"No."

"Are you a komсомолец?"

"No."

"Ah, you a non-Party Bolshevik. That's fine!"

But if the person is a Communist or a komсомолец it is even ~~xx~~ simpler. They ask how things are in ~~industry~~ ^{industry} ~~management~~, if the authorities are wronging him, how much he gets, what kind of a family he has, does he have enough to live on, etc. ~~xxxxxxx~~ They ^{put} ~~xxxx~~ out good cigarettes, on the table at once. Then there ~~xx~~ is a little lecture on Soviet morals, on capitalistic encirclement, then they play on your nerves, they ~~xxxx~~ act on patriotism, try to put love of homeland and people in your soul. And they don't overlook praising you. Then once more something about

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capitalistic encirclement and the work of the enemies of the people within the country. And here they shift: as a patriot you are obliged to help in the work of our Organs. They promise every help and support. You agree, of course! Without asking if you consent, they hand you paper and pencil, dictate a ~~xx~~ statement, ~~xx~~ which says that you will not divulge information. What pseudonym do you wish to work under? The agent is already prepared. If the recruit does not agree immediately, they give him a deferment. They call him again, and then again and again, as many times as is necessary, and every time it is the same thing: "Well, have you thought it over? Are you agreed now?" And again the same procedure. A person with nerves or stability cannot refuse. Frightened, he is forced to agree to work, not knowing that he, in turn, is being ~~xxxxxxx~~ shadowed.

How ~~xxxxxx~~ is the militia recruited? The material ~~xxx~~ insecurity and of the people and the right of ^{restriction} ~~limitation~~ is made use of. In the USSR a person does not have the right to live where he ~~xx~~ wishes, to. There are points and sub-points for everything. (in ~~xxxxxxx~~ conformance with the order about the passport system, which I will dwell on in detail below). The male or female citizens coming from the village to the city to work have no right to live in that city, since they came of their own free will, not by contract with ^{industry} ~~xxxxxxx~~. The militia informs them by writ and in case they do not depart they are arrested and ~~xxxxxxx~~ ^{taken} to

~~XXXXXXXX~~ court as ~~XXXXXXXX~~ ^{violate} of the passport system. The director of the passport bureau has the right to give him a visa. He does him a "favor"-- he gives him a temporary visa ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ proposing that the person work with him. A person in such a situation must agree since in the majority of cases he has no money for the return trip, and besides he has left home with no intention of returning.

~~XXXXXXXX~~ citizen has lived in the ~~city~~ and they have tried him for something. After serving his sentence he has returned to his place of ~~XXXXXX~~ residence. The director of the passport ~~XXXXXX~~ given the right to grant or refuse him a visa, even if the person has a family and his own home in the city. The person did not wish a second term in the concentration camp and so he agreed to work with the agency net. Thus, a large part of the agency net was recruited by the passport bureau and then handed over for assignment. Other organizations widened their net by prizes, by adding working hours, by paying overtime, by days' work at kollehozes, by raising a person in his job, etc.

Now a brief word on Beriya's order.

After Yezhov was removed NKVD workers from the ~~XXXXXX~~ most insignificant to the ~~XXXXXX~~ most important began to think of their fates. Each wondered how and where the new People's Commissar would turn the ~~XXXXXX~~ wheel. Perhaps things done in Yezhov's time will reflect on us.

he thought. Beriya was silent. Rumors spread even more that Beriya was preparing something puzzling and that there would be a purge in the NKVD. Every day in the orders we found the names of ~~xxx~~ NKVD workers who had committed suicide. Arrests continued but not with the former scope. They didn't know what to do with those arrested. The prisons were filled, the food improved a little, tortures were stopped partly.

But then the long-awaited order from Beriya came out. Had anything been changed? Yes, it had. The order spoke of the isolation of the families of the repressed persons. It meant that they began to arrest not single persons but families. True, in the order it said that ~~xxxxx~~ some would be released but not all. Who could get a release? There was no answer. The arrests were to be conducted quietly so as to avoid incidents. Arrests were to be made only by order of the procurator. But every director had as many ~~units~~ ^{beings} as he needed, already ~~with~~ the signature of the procurator. So what changed in this hellish system? Yezhov was removed. Beriya was put in his place. But Stalinism ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ remained Stalinism.

A second order came out--about an examination of dossiers. Yes, the dossiers were examined and some of the repressed were acknowledged innocent. But when ^{He} wrote to the concentration camps for information concerning them, in the majority of cases the answer was: "We do not have this person--he died; we do not have this person--he was shot in

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an attempt to escape." No one ever thought of running away: they simply annihilated people. After that when the problem of the physically disabled came up, they asked Beria what to do with them. A supplementary explanation was sent: "the physically disabled are not to be freed." Part of them were released for display and propaganda: look, they said, see what Yezhov did without Stalin's knowledge. But these were only a small number in the USSR. These people were, of course, crippled, but more in spirit than in body. They gave them a little money and made them sign a very severe statement that they would not divulge ~~xx~~ anything. Stalin propagandists praised him for ~~xxx~~ his wise leadership and for his fatherly concern for the person.

Such were the changes in the NKVD in conjunction with the removal of Yezhov.

*
One evening, the ~~director~~ ^{chief} of the division came to me and said:

"Comrade Brezhnev, today you and I are going to see militia control in the struggle with speculators."

"Yes, sir, comrade ~~director~~ ^{chief}!"

"Please put on your ~~xxxxx~~ plain clothes."

At 10 o'clock we arrived at the 10th division of the militia where the ~~director~~ ^{chief} of the division was militia sergeant Tsukov. We

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~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ did not go to ^{him} but to the room where the duty

officer sat and asked him to tell us the division where we could see the

chief

"And who are you?" asked the duty officer with a Ukrainian

accent.

"He went the ^{chief} of the division."

"And who are you, I'm asking you?"

"It's of no importance to you, comrade duty officer. We want

the ^{chief} of the division."

"Well, then go and ~~XXXXXX~~ look for him. But, am I supposed to ^{do}?

tell everybody where the ^{chief} director is?"

In the room standing and ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ squatting were 15 to 20

people who were being held and among them walked a militiaman and watched

to see that no one ~~XXXX~~ left.

"Why can't you tell us where the ^{chief} director is?" I ~~XXXXXX~~ said

to the duty officer.

"You know what? Go away and ^{stop} ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ keep ^{me} from

my work."

My ^{chief} ~~XXXXXX~~ blew up and said that we were members of the rayon

soviet.

"Give me your identification."

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We looked at one another and burst out laughing. At that moment the sergeant of the militia stepped into the duty officer's room through a side door.

"Comrade ~~field~~ agent, check these papers. They say they are from the rayon soviet and want the ~~director~~, and I have no time."

We turned our faces to the ~~field~~ agent and he recognized my ~~chief~~. He wanted to report, but the ~~chief~~ said to him at once:

"Let's go into your office, comrade ~~field~~ agent." and entered the same side door. He entered a rather ~~at~~ large room, ~~with~~ another one ~~xxx~~ of ~~xxx~~ it. The director opened the door and stood on the threshold. ~~Unexpected~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~

~~xxxxxx~~ sight stunned us: the deputy ~~field~~ agent, ~~undressing~~ a woman to her undershirt and looking for "extra" money to pay the fine for forming a queue.

"You can't come in here, get out!"

The ~~chief~~ went in and sat down on the ~~field~~ agent's chair but I stood on the threshold, not knowing to do. ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ with me stood the ~~field~~ agent.

"Well, go!" said the ~~director~~.

The deputy ~~field~~ agent, evidently realizing that we were some authority, threw her her dress and mumbled: "Get dressed!" Turning to the ~~chief~~ he started to spout: "These damned speculators. Take

the food out of your mouth. Stand all night and as soon as the morning comes and they open the stores, they're the first and pick out all the manufactured goods, and because of them others don't have enough."

"But I was standing in line for bread, comrade director," the woman said tearfully.

"Quiet! nobody's asking you," snarled the deputy ^{field} ~~special~~ agent.

"We know you, you damned speculators!"

"Let the woman go," said the ^{chief} ~~director~~.

The ^{field} ~~special~~ agent led her to the duty officer's room and returned.

"^{search made at} Was this ~~xxxx~~ ^{shift} your order?" the ~~director~~ said to the ^{Chief} ~~special~~

agent.

"No, comrade junior lieutenant of State Security."

"Who gave the order?"

"It was given ~~xxxx~~ in general by the ^{chief} ~~director~~ of the division that the ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ junior officers' ^{compliment} can search every one. They even gave me a coupon book for fines."

When the ^{field} ~~special~~ agent called the director by ~~xxxx~~ his title, the deputy ^{field} ~~special~~ agent opened his eyes wide and stood at attention.

"Where is your ^{chief} ~~director~~?" ^{my chief} ~~the director~~ said to the ^{field} ~~special~~

agent.

"He is making his rounds."

"Take us to all the places where you rather, and see that you don't try to fool us. I know the best."

There wasn't a sound in the duty officer's room.

"Tell the duty officer that we are going to have a little fun with your friends."

We left the division. The ~~director~~^{chief} turned to me and said:

"Comrade Braznev, you go with the deputy ~~special~~^{chief} agent and I will go with the ~~special~~^{chief} agent. And watch! If you see that he has told anyone of our ~~xxxxxxx~~^{sojourn} here, ~~write~~^{write} it down."

"I'll try, comrade ~~director~~^{chief}."

"Take me to the farthest points, comrade deputy ~~special~~^{chief} agent."

"Yes sir, comrade ~~director~~^{chief}," he said, not even asking who I

was.

We went to the farthest point, a bread store.

" Astonishing!" I thought, "not one person."

At the store, ~~stood~~^{standing} two militiamen.

"Where is the line?" I said to the militiamen.

"It's not here. It's over there, under the bridge."

We went to the queue. In truth, 500 ~~xxx~~ meters from the store, under the railway bridge, stood a crowd of 2,000 ~~dressed~~^{not in anything} ~~in anything~~^{in anything}.

special. The people trembled from the cold.

"It's not so pleasant! You can't make speculators stand in such frost," flashed through my head.

"Tell me, please, it's now 2:30 in the morning. The bread store doesn't open until 8. Why are you hurting yourself and the militia? It would be better to come--well, ~~xxxxxx~~ at least at 7 o'clock in the morning and stand at the store, not here."

"And who are you?" someone asked.

I thought and answered:

"From the oblast."

~~xxxxxx~~ "Citizen director, you will get in your car and go away, and we won't have any peace from them," a voice said.

"From whom? From them?"

"Didn't you know? From the militia."

I turned to the deputy ~~special~~ ^{1. gik} agent and asked him to move aside.

"One question interests me and I ask you to answer it honestly: do the queues exist because there is not enough bread or is it really perhaps because the speculators ~~xxxxxx~~ ^(pick and choose) and you don't have enough?"

"First of all, there isn't much bread. ¹ There are 6 people in my family. My husband works in industry, a worker. My oldest son was

mobilized ~~to~~ Finland, and the young children, from 8 to 14, are home.

I stand on queues day and night. They give ~~you~~ ^{to some people.} one kilogram ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

If I could get that kilogram every ~~day~~ ^{day} then it would ~~be~~ ^{be}

~~be~~ ^{be} ~~but the~~ ^{trouble} is ~~that~~ ^{that} I can only get it ~~third~~ ^{third}

day or ~~fourth~~ ^{fourth}. With good distribution and arrangements we could

get it ~~every~~ ^{every} day, but under such a system, really, soon we shall start

getting it ~~every~~ ^{every} fifth day."

"What is the cause, in your opinion?"

"Judge for yourself. We are standing a half kilometer from

the store. Before the store opens a whole horde of them comes: the

militia, the active or the rayon soviet, the municipal soviet, the brigade

militia, various activists.. There are as many of them as there are of us.

The militia blocks out way, and the activists lead us away from here like

cattle, under guard, ten persons at a time, into the store. ~~Everyone~~ ^{Everyone}

can't get into the store. When we ~~get~~ ^{get} into the store, we are ten and there

are already 20 in the store. Where did they come from? The militia comes

up to you, grabs you by the collar and takes you to the station, and they

don't ask your brother, they don't want to hear you out, and how many

insults you get! Then they start to search you. Excuse me for saying it,

but they search you everywhere. They look for money to pay the fine--100

rubles. You can't complain anywhere. They won't take your complaints any-

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where. You go home in tears, and 100 rubles the poorer for the fine, But the children don't understand this. Give them something to eat. ~~May~~ God grant that a third of us receives some today, and the rest will stand tomorrow. And so we stand a whole ~~day~~ 24 hours. The militia and their parasites pick and choose. They give them not a kilo, but a ~~xx~~ bukhanka (2.5-3.0 kilos). We, they say, are keepers of order. Such keepers of order should be at the front. ~~Theyxxxxxxx~~ for people spill ~~xxxxxxx~~ their blood, and these ~~xxxxxxx~~ speculate, and throw the blame on us."

~~xxxxxxx~~

~~xxxxxxx~~ *the women* ~~xxxxxxx~~ for a moment, my ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ concludes:

"And what can you say about speculation? Tell me, please, can

~~we~~ ^{get} ~~xxxxxxx~~ even one meter of ~~xxxxxxx~~ manufactured goods at normal prices?

No. (The Bolsheviks introduced commercial prices on manufactured goods

and ~~the~~ ^{opened} ~~on~~ the stores in which they ~~are~~ sold. In addition, there were

stores with normal prices on the goods, but these stores almost never had

any goods.) When they bring ⁱⁿ manufactured goods or shoes, we don't know,

but the militia knows, and of course gives it to ~~xxx~~ ^{their} own. I'm also stand-

ing a half kilometer from the store, and they lead us as to watering. Can

we see what's going on in the store? No. The first ten come, take some-

thing, and that's all. Then they announce: "The manufactured goods have

been sold." Who took them? ~~xxxxxxx~~ It was them, of course, with their

active--all these "spences". What more do you need explained to you, comrade?
rade?..."

SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT IN THE WESTERN UKRAINE AND WHITE RUSSIA

On the second of February 1949, the director of the rayon division of the NKVD in the city of Kharkov, Junior Lieutenant Savitskiy, called me in, and talked with me on the subject of the agency-informer net. After a ~~brief~~ chat he got up and began to pace about his office, holding a cigarette in his mouth. I looked at him in surprise. Suddenly he came up to me, ~~and~~ ^{stood} on the back and said:

"Now we'll talk about ~~xxx~~ our ~~xxxx~~ subject. Our division has been given an assignment: to pick one person from the operative staff and send him on a special assignment to ~~xxx~~ the Western Ukraine. By order of Comrade Beriya and by decision of Comrad Stalin we must conduct a purge in the Western Ukraine and White Russia to rid ourselves of our enemy element. For 20 years the Poles had sway and forced upon our class brothers their culture, their customs, and many other things that are not similar to those in a ~~xxxx~~ socialist structure. A large part of the people are not satisfied with the Soviet power. Therefore we must reconcile them and make love us and our laws. I ^{don't} think that you will ~~xxxxx~~ refuse such an honor. ~~In addition~~ ^{Beriy} you are a young worker, finished at the school for state security not long ago, have had very little practical

experience, and it is necessary ^{for you} to strengthen your theory with practice.

I decided to assign you."

It was impossible to refuse such an "honor" under our conditions; therefore, I had to "agree". True, I wanted to go to the Western Ukraine and White Russia not to complete the "honor" assignment, but to

see the "tortured" brothers and sisters "freed" from the Polish yoke. *They were tortured by the Poles, exhausted, about in tatters, unshaven, in no way resembling them.*

I the complete sense--
dirty, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ slaves of former times. They lived in mud huts, paid very heavy taxes, and only thanks only to the great Stalin, did they see ~~xxxxxx~~ life. They live under the sun of Stalin's constitution, the most democratic in the world.

~~xxx~~ "Right now you will hand over the agency-informer ~~xxxxxx~~ to the ~~xxxxxx~~ agent," Savitskiy continued, "and you yourself will be ready at 21.00 to appear at the NKV ~~administration~~ for a special ~~xxxxxx~~ *administration*."

I very much wanted to hand over the ~~xxxxxx~~ *because* encounter

with the agency did not interest me: in the course of the two months of my work ~~xxxxxx~~ *became* acquainted with only 25 percent of the ~~xxxxxx~~ *half* of the agency-informer net and ~~in general~~ *generally* I felt that if not one day then another I would be brought to answer for it.

At 20.00 the ~~xxxxxx~~ *desiring* of the agency-informer net were handed

over, and at 21.00 ~~xx~~ I was already at the NKVD ~~administration~~, in the assembly hall. At the meeting, or rather at the special instruction session there were about 400 NKVD workers. A bell rang in the hall, which meant that the authorities were coming.

The director of the NKVD ~~administration~~, Major of State Security Kuvshinov, entered the hall; after him the director of the ~~staff~~ department, and his three attendants. The duty officer ~~in~~ gave the assembly the order for greeting the authorities, but the director ~~xxxxxx~~ would not hear it out. He and his retinue went up to the platform where a table covered with a red towel ~~was~~ standing, with ^{soft} chairs around it. A deathly silence ~~xxxx~~ came over the hall. After a brief pause, the director of the ~~administration~~ rose and made a speech:

"Comrades! We have ~~presented~~ you in order to give special instructions to the ~~personnel~~ ^{personnel} on the methods of action in our present work. The most responsible and ~~important~~ task has fallen to our lot--to purge the Western Ukraine and White Russia ~~of~~ the class-alien elements and to create such ^{living} conditions for our ^{freed} brothers so that they will feel complete freedom, so that the rays of Stalin's sun will shine over them. This work is serious: by our calculations, ~~12~~ 13 percent of the population will have to be arrested, i.e., those who have ^{become} impregnated with the Polish spirit. Our task, as organs of the proletarian revolution, will

of going to the Chekist school. We went into a restaurant, had dinner, and talked about the ~~xxxxxx~~ forthcoming nightmare.

"Well, ~~so~~ ~~xxxx~~" he said, "if you fall in with a ~~flock~~ ~~xxxx~~ or ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ crews, saw like one..."

Fifteen echelons waited on the side tracks ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ forbidden to leave the cars and orderlies stood at the doors. It's true that the orderlies were our own men, but still it was impossible to get out. The locomotives stood beside each echelon, and awaited departure momentarily.

At 8 o'clock in the morning our echelon ~~started~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ moved first, and at a definite ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ the other 14 echelons ~~xxxxxx~~ moved too.

On the 7th of February at 2 o'clock in the morning we arrived at the border station of Volochisk. A special group of border troops of the NKVD checked our ~~assignment~~ ~~xxxx~~ papers, and we ~~oved~~ ~~xxxx~~ on further.

~~At~~ About three or three-thirty we arrived at a new border station--a Polish one, Podvolochisk. Everyone ran to the windows, trying to see in the dark ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ "what Poland looks like". In the distance a fire burned. Several ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ opened the windows, jumped out of the car and got to the station. Here they were chiefly interested in this question: "Can ~~you~~ ~~xxxx~~ buy anything in "hungry Poland"?"

It turned out there was a ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ at the station, which had an

abundance of different products: French rolls, white bread, kalbasy, etc.

The daredevils took many things and with proud looks returned to the cars. When the east found about this, they too, incited by hunger, ran to the doors, but the orderlies would not let them out. Then they began to jump out of the windows, and then the orderlies were knocked down. The hungry people headed for the ~~doors~~: the ~~orderlies~~ or returned in a moment. ~~xxx~~ They trampled the ~~xxx~~ counterpane under their feet, the passengers that were Polish citizens, at the station with their children, shout-

ed ~~xxx~~ But who could have helped them when the frenzied oprichniks "walk"! Several people, in being knocked down, were killed. Those who took a ~~few~~ of products began to head for the doors, but they couldn't get to them. Then they began to beat in the windows to get out with their loot... And then those who had not managed to get anything began to take it from those who had. A brawl started. Something inconceivable happened.

Finally, the cars with special detachments of border troops of the NKVD arrived. They ~~xxxxxxx~~ "restored order" after a long while.

At 5 o'clock in the morning our echelon moved on further.

Wherever our echelon stopped it was immediately surrounded by border troops, and ~~getting~~ off the trains. ~~xxxxxxx~~ We were also forbidden to open the windows. At each window ~~a~~ Chekist from the junior officer's

complement was stationed. The ~~doors~~ ^{compartments} at the stations were closed and

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guarded by the border ~~xxxxxx~~ troops of the NKVD.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we arrived in the town of L'vov. Guards from the border troops were stationed at the station doors too. We were forbidden to break ranks. They took us to a square before the station and ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ announced that we were to follow to a ~~xxxx~~ building set aside for us. Beds and hot food awaited us there. Therefore it was necessary to pass through the city with a happy face and with ~~xxxxxx~~ heads erect.

But here something unexpected happened. Before we ^{had} arrived in L'vov there was a thaw and rain. Pools of water stood in the streets. We moved on as the authorities had demanded, "with head lifted" and ~~xxxxxxxx~~ shopping. And whose ~~xxxxxxx~~ belly did not ache from laughter when they saw us in our ~~xxxxxxx~~ felt boots? Wherever we walked the water was soaked up by our felt boots, and after we had passed on, the ground was almost dry.

They began to assign rooms. The house in which we were to be quartered had at some time been occupied by ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{xxxxxx}, and was now in part free. They gave us a room for 50 persons with wooden bunk beds set up in it. Four persons were assigned to a bed; we were given sacks filled with straw (instead of mattresses) and somewhat smaller sacks, also filled with straw, ~~xxxxxxx~~ instead of pillows.

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Their strength drained from lack of sleep, and ^(their stomachs) hungry, the
 people lay down on the beds and covered themselves with their overcoats.
 In the night we ~~XXXXX~~ were awakened by awful shouting and swearing.
 It turned out that the beds could not stand the strain of two persons in
 the upper bunk. Many had their noses broken and they were bleeding. Every-
 one got up. It was impossible to step onto the floor with bare feet: ~~xxx~~
 a pool of water had formed from the felt boots.

The air was so heavy and damp that we could not breathe. The
 Dutch stoves were red hot, and it was almost impossible to get to them,
 but there was nothing we could do: everyone began to dry his felt boots,
 walking barefooted on the cold, wet floor. Some managed to dry them, and
 some of them burnt them. They began to tear the ~~XXXXXX~~ "mattresses" apart
 to get straw to stuff the burnt holes.

It was 8 O'clock in the morning. Suddenly the command came:
 "Prepare to ~~XXXXXX~~ ^{from ranks} ~~XXXXXX~~" In five minutes a new command came:
 "Stop!" We somehow gathered in a half-circle. In to the room came the
~~XXXXXX~~ special agent, as he called hi self, ~~XXXXXX~~ NKVD ^{headquarters} ~~XXXXXX~~ in
 the L'vov Oblast', junior lieutenant R-ch.

"Comrades!" he said to us: "I know that you are living in
 bad conditions now, but what can we do! This is only temporary. This house
 at one time belonged to ~~XXXXXX~~ ^{XXXXXX}. We have already ^{XXXXXX} to remove half of the ~~XXXXXX~~ ^{XXXXXX}

but help still remain. But I think we will get them out too. We won't be
bothered ~~xxxxxx~~ for very long. We have already sent people who said I was
and drunken people here...but even if you ~~xx~~ use force against them for
24 hours they still stay. Now, I think you will help us. There are many of
really so
you, and if you ~~xxxx~~ after them, they won't be able to ~~xxxxxxx~~ hold out."

With this the "informant" concluded and [redacted] [redacted]
~~Habit a room warden~~ (over) he and [redacted]
that we had [redacted] him. He [redacted] and [redacted] left together.

~~When~~ we went to our bunks. I don't know how the others were, but I was

~~Innocent,~~

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ my spirit so abominably depressed.

ed. After breakfast we all began to put things in order: we cleaned our overcoats, ^{and} felt boots, shaved, took it easy and were surprised when again the command came (It seemed to us it was too soon): "Line up in formation" for dinner!

After dinner there was an hour's rest, and a friend and I decided to go look at the building. The house had 6 stories. On the first floor was the office and storerooms for materials, provisions, and ammunition. In the cellar of the building ~~half~~ was made into a dining room and kitchen. The other half of the cellar was "~~devoted~~ ^{devoted} ~~to secret work~~" to secret work". Two guards stood at the doors. We ~~could not~~ ^{did manage to} penetrate the secret of the cellar. On the second floor ~~many~~ many rooms were heaped up with broken furniture and religious pictures. On the third and floor were housed arriving NKVD

~~xxx~~ workers and militia, and on the fifth and sixth floors--the ~~men~~ ^{men}.

Their rooms were clean and comfortable, but it ~~soon~~ quickly struck the eye that the walls were stripped and the holy images had been smeared with paint, clay and ~~xxxxx~~ soot. At intervals of a meter the Chokists hung up pictures of Stalin and other criminals. The ~~men~~ ^{men} looked very bad, despite the fact that they were young. The food was severely limited. They lived on extra rations, half hungry. They were forbidden communicat^{ing} with the outside world.

We wanted to talk with the ~~men~~ ^{men} but asked them several questions, but there was no answer. They all sat with lowered heads, busy with their various jobs: some were knitting socks, some were sewing, some were busy darning, and some were embroidering. No didn't bother to ~~xxxx~~ ask any more questions, but left.

"I cannot," said my friend, "look at those pitiful faces. I can imagine what they do to them. They not only have nothing to say to our questions, but the poor things even shake with fear when a Chokist appears. Now you can imagine yourself ~~xxxx~~ how they must have ~~xxxx~~ felt when 1,500 of us arrived."

"Yes," I said.

And we went out into the courtyard. At the gates before the exit into the city, stood two guards. Guards also patrolled around the

house. We tried to go out but the guards wouldn't let us and said that we could only leave if we had the permission of the director of the house in writing.

We wanted to see the city, so we went to the director but he would not give us permission to ~~leave~~ go. We asked the director:

"Are we prisoners?"

Instead of answer we got a command:

"About face!"

We did.

"To your rooms, ma-orch!"

So we returned ~~xxxxx~~ home, glad that the director had not

taken down our names.....

H ~~When~~ we got ~~rr~~ to our room we began to think up a plan to get into the secret cellar and learn the secret. But we could only get in there through the mediation of the special agent who was entrusted with guarding this cellar.

It was 7 o'clock in the evening. We heard the command: ~~xxxx~~ *r. Line up*

in ~~xxxx~~ *ready* for dinner!"

After dinner we went to the ~~xxxx~~ *xxxxxx* to buy cigarettes. There we got acquainted with the lady at the counter, who was a hired worker; she had the right of free ~~xxxx~~ departure. She invited us to visit her apart-

ment, but we told her that we couldn't right now, since we ^{were} temporarily forbidden to leave, but as soon as we get permission we would make it our duty to visit her.

Taking use of the girl's right of departure we asked her to bring us ~~xx~~ vodka. Our new acquaintance agreed to do what we wanted.

"But it's impossible to buy it in the stores," she said, "and in the ~~library~~ it costs 120 rubles a litre."

We gave her money for two litres.

Returning to the dormitory we saw our roommates in a gay mood. It turned out that while we were gone it had been announced to the room that those wishing to could spend this night with the nuns. ~~in room 6~~ ^{the} ~~for~~ ^{the} ~~six~~ ^{persons} remained. They had taken advantage of this permission. The rest went upstairs at ten o'clock.

We sat on the beds and put our felt boots beside them. Of course, we couldn't get to sleep knowing that in a short time ^{they would begin to torture} the poor victims in the cellar. This horde would do something tonight.

At about ~~xx~~ ^{eleven} o'clock heartrending screams reached us.

We ran up to the upper floors and went into ~~xx~~ one of the rooms. The sight was horrible: two nuns were spread out on the beds absolutely naked and three or four raped them in turn. One beautiful nun showed resistance and they threw her out the ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ window.

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The killer was not punished but commended. Along the corridor and down the stairs they dragged half-alive nuns. Those who had not submitted were taken to the cellar. Only about 5 o'clock in the morning did this bacchanalia cease.

On the 9th of ~~February~~ February, as on the preceding days, they ~~XX~~ they told us to ~~XXXXXX~~ for breakfast, and after breakfast we got two litres of "white ~~XXXXXX~~ ^{for a drink} ~~XXXXXX~~ ^{cap (50 p.m.f)} in great secrecy from our female acquaintance.

We went to our room and began to think out a plan ~~XXXXXX~~ ^{for a trip} into the cellar. Before dinner we went down into the cellar. We began to talk to the guard. He told us that the cellar serves as a detention room for misbehaving nuns, and if we want to go in it is necessary to ~~XXXX~~ go to the director or the special detention room guard.

"What is his rank?" we asked.

"Commander of the division," answered the guard.

We found the room and knocked. The door opened. On the threshold stood a soldier.

"What do you want?"

"Your commander," we answered.

The soldier, without leaving us, and guarding our path all the

while, shouted:

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"Two sergeants are here, comrade director!"

"Well, let them come in," a voice said.

They let us into the room. The front room was fixed like a guardhouse; around the walls stood ~~xxxxxxx~~ bunk beds, on the walls hung portraits of the bearded Marx and Engels, the cross-eyed Lenin, and the low-browed Stalin. In the middle of the room stood a table, behind which sat a Chekist ~~or~~ with the rank of division commander. The soldier gave us two chairs, and ~~xxx~~ sat down.

"You have come to me on business, evidently, comrade?" the director said to us.

"Yes, comrade director," we said (we tried to flatter him in his rank by calling him the director), "we come because we are so bored, and we want to have some fun and talk with you about a few things."

"Well, since you want to talk to me, then let's talk. But before you start I know what you are going to talk about. It must be that you need a pair of fine mens? Yes, I understand. It's very uncomfortable when dozens of eyes are looking on. ^{all right} ~~fine~~. Let's go!"

We went out. Going along the corridor a little way, the director pulled a bunch of keys and opened the door. We entered the room.

"Well, you can talk here. Those beds have withstood a great deal. (By the wall stood three ~~xxx~~ ^{double} beds.) When I have need of it, I

bring not one here, but two, three. Well, and... And when I am bored mess-

ing with them, I give them to the boys. A peaceful room? I think your

room
~~xxxxxx~~ is worse."

The beds had fine bed equipment and were made up in military fashion. In the middle stood a table and around the table three two-seat-
as soft couches. On the table were a dozen dust-covered bottles. On the
walls, as always, were portraits of Lenin and Stalin.

In five minutes two litres of "~~drinks~~^{juice}" stood on the table.

The director's eyes began to shine. He brought glasses and
apertizers. We drank the first toast to the ~~health~~ health of the "direc-
tor." He sat about a little while, chattering about different topics, and

then we offered him another. He ourselves refused saying it was because

we were tired. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ He drank another glass, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ and we "concentrated" on

the food. In half an hour our director's drunkenness became quite appar-

ent. Then my friend poured him one more, and he, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ not anticipating

us, got ~~xxxxxx~~ twisted around our little finger."

"Tell us, comrade director, how are things ~~with~~ the nurse?"

"Ha! Ha! Ha! That's nonsense!"

He wanted to go. We stopped him.

"What, ~~you~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ lost your nerve?"

"No, only we haven't much vodka. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ But then they

need...."

"Well, this is too rush. ^{water such} ~~xxx~~ to ~~xxxxxx~~ bastard ~~xxxxxxx~~ with

police, he fix them ~~xx~~ without vodka so that they get drunk. And if they

think of looking ~~xxxxxx~~...they go to the cellar."

"And what is so hard about the cellar?" I asked.

"Oh! Well, there...do you want to see with me? There's

something to see!"

In a minute we were at the main cellar door, where the guard

was standing.

The director pulled his keys out of his pocket. He began to

open the door. For a long he couldn't get the key into the lock but

finally the door opened. We entered the corridor of the cellar, which

stretched far ahead of us. ~~xxxxxxx~~ We closed the door behind us

on the lock.

"Well, what do you want to see?" he asked us.

"Everything," we said.

"~~xxxxxx~~!"

He put on the light in the room and began to open the

door.

We stepped in horror on the threshold. The room was about

by ~~3 xx~~ 4 meters in size. There was one couch with ~~xx~~ oilcloth. There

was no heat; there no was nat-ral light because the windows were blocked with bricks and only a little space was left on top for the air. In the room it was ~~xx~~ damp and cold. Three living corpses sat on the floor in torn dresses with their legs crossed.

"Why are you sitting on the floor?" we asked them.

The director replied for them: because they are not supposed to sit on the couch.

"Then why is the couch here ~~xx~~?"

"Not for them."

In the next room which was like the other we saw a half-dressed nun who was breathing her last...

Suddenly our guide stopped near one room and said:

"Here is my little vixen. Five days ago I decided to abuse myself and she, ~~the devil~~, began to ^{resist} ~~appear~~ no. So, of course, I brought her here...I was even a little sorry because the little devil is beautiful..."

When the door opened we saw a bare corpse, hanging from a braided cord made from her dress...

"Well, that's that! And I was thinking of letting her go..."

He closed the door, and we went further.

"Stop! This is the most interesting."

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"And what's here?" we asked.

"You'll see in a moment."

The executioner reached us near the exit:

"Well, what do you say? Did you like it? Such tender pleasures!

But then, we did all this when they were still alive!"

We came back to the dormitory, and lay down on our beds.

We both tossed from side to side till morning.

It was ^{leathesome} ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ and horrible!

We did not even notice when the senior for the room arose and

commanded: "Get up!" He jumped up, made our morning toilet, and ~~was~~ drew

~~up~~ ranks for breakfast. While we were drawn up they announced to us that

at 10 o'clock there would be a general ^{formation of ranks} ~~assembly~~. We had breakfast,

or rather, we sat down to breakfast, since ^{we had absolutely no} ~~xxx~~ appetites. After breakfast

we went to our dormitory.

^{at: d information}
While we ~~were up in ranks~~ they announced to us that today,

the 10th of February, at 23.00 we were all going to the city of Rava-

Russkaya for special instructions by order of the People's Commissariat

of ^{Internal} ~~Internal~~ Affairs of the Ukraine. The People's Commissar of the Ukraine

himself would be there. From there we would go to complete our special

assignment. We were all to be ready at 21.00. "Dismissed!"

At 12 o'clock we went to dinner. In the dining room they announced that at 16 o'clock there would be a general ~~drinking~~ ^{session} ~~without~~ ^{without} things.

Returning to the dormitory, we lay down to rest for an hour, and at 16 o'clock we were already in formation. Before the formation stood an NKVD worker of ~~rank~~ Junior Lieutenant rank.

"Comrades," he began, "yesterday there was a great breach of troop discipline, and perhaps even more than that. Two sergeants (I will not ~~name~~ tell their names right now, of course) got the commander of the guard of the special ~~building~~ ^{with him} building drunk and went into the cellar ~~where they keep ammunition of the latest technical weapons.~~

Entrance to that area is forbidden to all with the exception of the special agents assigned to it. This is a class enemy snuff! I think these two comrades will step out of ~~xx~~ rank ~~xx~~ immediately and tell us how this happened.

The ranks stood in place and no one prepared to step out. After a brief pause the ~~xxxxxx~~ director ^{changed his tone of voice, shouting:} ~~stepped in a voice not his own!~~

"Is there no Bolshevik-Chekist honor? If such is the case, we'll get after this matter! We'll find out who it was. ~~Then~~ Then it won't be so healthy for them. We'll name ^{them} before the formation!"

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We knew that in the thick of such a crowd of people, and what is more a crowd dressed ~~inxxxxxxx~~ alike, it would be very difficult to recognize us, and they didn't know us by name. And no one besides the guards and the director had seen us, and they certainly were not trying to remember us. He firmly ~~xxx~~ decided not to step out. In addition, we ~~xxxx~~ placed our hopes in today's departure. And where we were going they would forget everything. They would not hold anyone for it. In 40 minutes they let us go and we returned to the dormitory. Till 20.00 we sat and waited to be called in by the director every moment. We were ~~xxxx~~ uneasy....

At 20.30 the command came: "Prepare to form ranks!" and in 10 minutes ~~outside to~~ "form ranks!" They directed us further. We tramped to the station, loaded into the car assigned to us, standing on the side track, and at 23 o'clock started. About two o'clock in the ~~xxx~~ morning we arrived at Rava-Russkaya.

THE PASSPORT ~~TEAM~~ IN THE SOVIET MANNER

The ~~xxx~~ arrest was a pretty ~~rest~~ rest--for body and soul. Under the

~~xxxxxx~~ usual conditions of my work I sometimes did not come home at all,

but ~~as they say~~ managed to catch two or three hours of unsound sleep wherever I could. ~~finishing my arrest~~ *While I was serving out my arrest,*

10 o'clock in the evening to go to the guardhouse close by, ~~under~~ *under* guard.

~~equipment~~. Dropping my weapons and equipment I rest ~~very~~ *cal* very peacefully till 9 o'clock in the morning, protected from all harm and misfortune by

the guard. I released from ~~down~~ business with the agency, ~~the~~ ^{from} ~~business~~ ^{of}

"The Brief Course" and the success of my students interested me far less than my last dream.

But these ten days of happiness passed too, like a dream. I had hardly been released before they called me to the personnel department, and the ~~director~~ ^{head} of it told me of my new appointment to the control of the PRO URM (Passport-Registration Department of the Administration of the Worker-Peasant Militia) in the Khar'kov Oblast'.

"This is the most suitable work for you," he said to me, "you don't have enough ⁷ experience to work in the division."

"My rights and duties, comrade ~~director~~ ^{chief}?"

"You have more rights. You are the control. You understand? You have to learn the passport business, all the ~~orders~~ ^{orders}, ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~secret~~ ^{secret} ~~course~~ ^{course}, all instructions. You can demand all materials. You will work ^{right} in the militia ~~administration~~ ^{headquarters} in the PRO. The main thing is to ~~xxx~~ take the complaints of the citizens, and there will be lots of them, all kinds.

You will have to make decisions about the complaints. A final decision!"

he emphasized. "People freed by us will be coming to you. The militia will refuse them but you can give them papers ~~x~~ by making use of Comrade Beriya's order. You will make it look like an exception. But see that you don't forget that person, don't let him out of ~~xx~~ your hands because

we may need him."

He stopped ~~xxxxxxx~~ and then
~~xxxxxxx~~ for a moment ~~xxxxxxx~~ continued:

"Your role is serious. This is responsible work. It is not for nothing that this business ~~xxx~~ has been given over directly to us. The director of PRO, senior ~~1st~~ lieutenant of the militia ~~Borunov~~, is an experienced worker. Go to him without the least bit of shyness while you are learning the passport system. He will ~~xxxxxxx~~ acquaint you with all the details. You will have to travel to the passport bureaus and control them firmly because experienced workers ~~xxx~~ have been re-assigned to ~~xxx~~ Western ~~xxxxxxx~~ White Russia and the Ukraine. You must, in addition, completely take over the work of the MJS (Military Registration Bureau) in the militia ~~administration~~. They are now under the PRO. In the PRO there are instructors. Try to get in with them, but I warn you not to fall under their influence! I repeat: the work is responsible. The ~~xxxx~~ ~~xxx~~ slightest false step and you will be taken ~~into~~ court--the military tribunal of the NKVD troops. However, you understand now it works."

First I began to get ~~xxxxxxx~~ acquainted with the lower ~~people~~,
 i.e., the directors of the passport bureaus in the divisions of the militia. Many of them even had no title, and the rest had the special name of "sergeant of militia". These little cogs were the links in the handcuffs ~~put on~~ by the NKVD and held the population of the Soviet Union in

their names. The fate of a person arriving at a given point was decided by them. If I want to, I'll sign it; if I don't want to, it's my business and my right, said many directors.

After getting acquainted with the ~~xxxxxx~~ arrangement of the work of the passport bureaus I drew up a plan for visiting them in the Kharkov Oblast. I was interested in the method in which persons seeking papers were received, and I arrived at the 6th division of the militia which was considered the largest in the city with regard to population.

I went to the director of the passport bureau, Militia Sergeant L., showed him my papers, and told him to continue his work. The director of the passport bureau received the petitioner.

"What do you ~~xxx~~ want, citizen?"

"To get papers, comrade director."

"Where did you come from?"

"From the village, comrade director."

"Why?"

"I want to get a job, comrade director."

"Do you have ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~papers~~ saying that you have been recruited?"

"No, comrade director."

"Who sent for you?"

"The kolkhoz let me go, comrade director. But then, surely."

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you know how living in a kolkhoz is."

"If you don't have ~~an~~ a contract for recruitment I refuse you

~~the~~ pass ~~is~~."

"How will I live? I have no money for a return trip. ~~Ha~~ "

"That's not my affair. I warn you that you will have to get out of the city in 24 hours. In the event that you do not depart you will

be taken to court for breaking the passport regulation. No need," the director expands on the subject, "an organized selection of manpower. You should have waited to be recruited, and they recruit in season, in the springtime in the kolkhozes. You came of your own accord. You understand? Without invitation? Where have you been staying?"

"With relatives (and -and-such a street, such-and-such a number).

"Sign here that you know the decree of the Soviet of Peoples' Commissars of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. The decree reads:

"For ~~xxx~~ non-departure the person is ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ held criminally responsible according to Article No. 80 of the ~~xx~~ USSR and is subject to imprisonment in distant places of the the Soviet Union for a term of up to 5 years."

"~~Grade~~ director," ~~xxxxxxx~~ the petitioner ~~xxxx~~ tries to explain

once more, "look, I have a certificate. The kolkhoz released me."

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"We know your certificates. Probably you are the friend of the president of the kolhoz and got your certificate for a ~~xxxxxx~~ half litre of vodka. If you're not satisfied you can complain in 24 hours to the oblast' ~~xxxxxx~~ in the KPO department.

Those coming to visit relatives received the same decree, and those ~~xxxxxx~~ returning were ^{directed} immediately ~~xxxxxx~~ 50 kilometers outside of the city, even ~~the~~ their families were located in the city.

In the city of Kharkov and in Kharkov Oblast' people arrested in ~~xxx~~ Yeshov's time and freed in accordance with Beriya's order began to arrive. It was astonishing that among those arriving there was not one civilian, but all had in the past been military, from the ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{officers'} commanding complement. All their papers were the same: "released in connection with termination of the affair." Beriya sent out ~~xxxxxx~~ a decree that the directors of the passport bureaus ~~xxxxxx~~ in no case ~~xx~~ had the right to issue papers or converse with the said persons, but were to quickly dispatch them to KPO. But since all these persons had been arrested and freed by the NKVD the instructors sent them to me. I was to send them on to the special political department (SPD). There they were subject to special recruitment. Some agreed to return to their former place of work, and some refused. In a conversation with a former division commander I asked him:

"Why don't you want to return to your former job?"

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He looked at me and answered:

"It's enough that I went to prison for two years for nothing;
now I prefer to sweep the streets; I don't need less required of me."

All these persons were on record in the NKVD administration,
and sooner or later, all were forced to return to the army. They were
sent to areas recruited for taking Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia.

They were persons of all ages, but chiefly, from 20 to 55.

They looked awful: exhausted, blackened, gray-headed, their sunken eyes
glazed indifferently and emptily. When asked about life in exile and
how it happened to them, they declined to answer. They signed the report
saying they would divulge no information.

*

The passport system was introduced with the intention of the
final deprivation of the personality of the Russian peasant. The Soviet
power began repressions of the peasants in 1929 and ended this campaign
in 1931. Millions of peasants who were home owners were thrown out on the
street, ~~deprived of their cows and land~~. Part of the family was arrested
immediately and exiled to the Turkestan sands, the Siberian taiga, the
the Solovetskiy islands, etc. And part ^{was} dispersed to the cities, to
workers' hamlets, to sovkhozes and to the MTS (the ~~state~~ ^{machine} tractor
station).

Stalin announced the industrialization of the country. Cheaper manpower was ~~needed~~ needed. Where could it be obtained? ^{from} Only among the peasants deprived of all rights. In the second of 1932 the law on passport system was decreed. The entire population of the ~~Soviet~~ ^{Soviet} Union was subject to the passport system--the cities, the workers' hamlets, the rayon centers, the sovkhoses, the auto-tractor stations, the hundred kilometer border strip, the hundred kilometer strip around Moscow and Leningrad, the fifty kilometer strip around the cities of republican significance. I am making this list because all these "objectives" found their place in the corresponding legislation and are characteristic for the ~~system~~ two-fold political style of all action.

The inhabitants of the cities and those inhabitants who presented their certificate ~~as~~ as poorest class peasant-kolkhoznik received passports for three years. The passport went into effect from the day it was issued. All persons who could not present a certificate stating their social position on time, were given a three-months' certificate. Simultaneously, the militia organs conducted ~~questionings~~ ^{interrogations} at their place of residence. Only ~~some~~ ^{a few} managed to ~~avoid~~ ^{escape} unavoidable destruction. They had a paper till their first call into the army.

The unfortunate ones were put on a special register by the militia organs. The question of what to do with them arose. ^{the Soviet power did not risk} ~~judging~~ ^{judging} them

in an open trial, and if it had when would there have been an end to it? Such "criminals" were to be found in every town in tens of thousands. Besides, what could you renounce them for? If these hard-working people were deprived of the right to work in agriculture, then they worked for industry and were dangerous to the Soviet power. However, the "popular" Government did not stop here. Secret governmental law No. 1441 was created. It permitted temporary papers to be replaced and those who had not received them to be given them, but in ~~xxxx~~ ^{both} cases in the column ~~xxxxxxx~~.

"On the basis of what documents the temporary papers had been given"-- ^{was written.} number "1441" (his meant: SVB (socially dangerous element). Every oblast militia was ordered to ~~xxxx~~ ^{send up} prior the director of the oblast' GPU (the state political division), the director of the oblast' militia, and the oblast' procurator. This trio passed hundreds of sentences in ²⁴ hours. The sentence, as a rule, was passed without seeing.

Since I don't remember the article of the ~~xxxxxxx~~ ^{penal} code of the Soviet republics, I will refer to ~~xxx~~ the article of the ~~xxxxxxx~~ penal code of the Ukrainian ~~xxxxxxx~~ republic. Article No. 33 of the USSR was used. Echelon after echelon headed for the far-off places of the Soviet Union. The sentences were from 3 to 5 years. But there were cases in ~~xxxxx~~ which for one out of the way word a sentence of ten years was given, and sometimes the person was shot. Stalin's campaign for fishing out the

peasantry was over. Whoever lived through it, after serving his term, returned to his former place of residence, but with a ^{so-called "TK"} passport (correctional labor colony) or "ITL" (correctional ~~lx~~ labor camp).

In 1948, as the time for changing passports approached, the decree of the GNA No. 881 came out (as a supplement to No. 1441). The whole Soviet Union was divided into ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{restricted} zones and categories. A special category was the 100 kilometer ^{wide} strip along the border. A restricted zone of the first category was Moscow, Leningrad and the hundred kilometer wide strip around these cities. The second category was the republic centers and the fifty kilometers wide strip around them (e.g., the city of Kiev and its fifty kilometer strip). To this category belonged the big industrial centers (e.g., the city of Khar'kov). The third category was the sixth oblast' centers and their adjoining regions, etc.

THE BREAK

In December my uncle, ~~xxxxxx~~ my father's ~~xxxx~~ brother, appeared. He ~~xxx~~ had been dekulakized and ~~xxxxxx~~ had been in Soviet prisons and in exile for the past eight years. Now he had his own passport with the notation "ITL ^{up} ~~xx~~ regulation on passports, Article 14." I explained to him what it meant. We made ~~xx~~ a story saying that he had at some time lived in the given ~~xxxx~~ city, on such-and-such a street, that he lived ^{up} the past 10 years in the city of Tashkent and had now

"Yes."

Not losing any time, my uncle turned to me. I wrote on the statement the decision: "To the director of the passport bureau of such-and-such a rayon of the RK militia. Give a temporary papers and allow residence in Khark'kov for one month."

it was easiest of all to arrange for work. It was enough for me to name my rank and say where I'm phoning from. The ~~director of~~ personnel found work.

The temporary paper for a period of one month was gotten.

It was impossible to get
the enquiry from Tashkent in a month ~~approximately~~ because we especially

confused the address. The term of the temporary papers was running out.

In a week I managed to get a passport and write it out for my uncle in another name. Two or three days and I parted with him. Of course, the director of the passport bureau told this to the authorities. ~~XXXXXXXX~~ The results were conducted very quietly. They wanted to catch my uncle, but they lost ~~xxxx~~ trace of him. They announced a union-wide hunt, but look for the wind in the ~~xxx~~ field. The name was a pretext.

On the 26th of February they gave me my regular leave. On the 3rd of March I ~~was in my room~~. Of course, they were watching me from all sides. They rummaged through everything at work, but I managed to ~~hide~~ ^{cover up} all traces. They obviously expected that I might try to get in touch with my uncle again, but ~~some of their training~~.

On the 28th of March I arrived at ^{headquarters} ~~the administration~~ to start work, but they told to take three days more to make up for the time when I was transferring my ~~files~~ ^{documents}. Evidently they were deciding the question of whether or not to let me go on. On the 3rd of April I arrived at ^{headquarters} ~~the administration~~. The director of PRO said that the director of SPO had asked that I come see him. I went.

"Ah, so it's you, Comrade Brezhnev? I have been waiting for you for a long time," said the director of ~~SPO~~ SPO with a spiteful smile.

"I'm listening, comrade director."

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xxxxxx

"Why is your holster dirty? Probably your pistol is too? Take

it off and hand it to me. Let me see".

I took it off and put it on the table.

"And here. Now sign this statement of non-departure. You have

temporarily removed from your job. The first thing you must do is to ap-

pear before the ~~extra~~ special agent."

"For what reason, comrade director?"

"You'll find out a little later. That is all. You may go."

On 17 April 1946
I met ~~the~~ ~~extra~~ ~~special~~ ~~agent~~

On the 17th of April the ~~extra~~ special agent of the NKVD

called me to come to him in Room 221. I showed my personal identification

and went in to ~~the~~ ~~administration~~ and headed for the room. In the corri-

der I met a Checkist of the rank of lieutenant of state security. He stopped me:

"You are looking for me, Comrade Brzhnev?"

"One!" the thought ~~xxxxx~~ flashed through my mind, "and here

~~xxxxx~~ they are shadowing me!"

"I don't know, comrade director. I am going to Room 221."

"Let's get acquainted. I am ~~extra~~ special agent Yarzhevskiy.

Let's go."

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He went into the office.

"Sit down, Comrade Brazhnev."

"Thank you."

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

"Are things good or bad?"

"What especially? It would be better if you would tell me why

I'm here, Comrade director."

"But it would be better if you would tell me. Here is ~~enough~~

~~thinking~~ and you write down how and what happened. If one ~~think~~ is

not enough, I'll give you another, and that is not enough, I'll give you a third."

"I don't understand a thing, Comrade director. What are you

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX accusing me of?"

"Think about it and write."

"What about?"

"You know very well."

"What can I write about?"

"Ah, you don't know? Well, go on home. Where do you live?"

"At Nemyshlya Hamlet, in the direction of XXXXXX KHTZ

(Khar'kov tractor plant)."

"That's far. It's probably 10 kilometers, no?"

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"Yes, not less than that, comrade director."

"Well, all right. You go. Only--re home. Because we may call you any minute. How much time do you need to go on foot?"

"I don't know exactly, but three to three-quarters of an hour."

"Well, all right. Then we'll see."

I left and immediately took a streetcar No. 20 which was my route. I got home in exactly 20 minutes. It was necessary to ~~xxxx~~ account for every minute and to rationally determine the ~~time~~ ^{time} for eating and rest.

In exactly ~~xx~~ half an hour the telephone rang. I picked up the receiver.

"This is sergeant of state security Grachnev."

"This ~~comrade~~ special agent lieutenant of state security Yarevsky. Will you be so kind as to come see me at 14.00 in Room 221."

"Yes ~~comrade~~, comrade director." And I began to dress. At exactly 14.00 I arrived.

"Well, how are things now? Will you write out the paper?"

"I don't know what to write about, comrade director."

"Well, if you don't know, go on home."

At exactly ~~xx~~ 16.00 the telephone rang. I was to appear at 18.00. I did.

"Have you thought it over, comrade Brazhnev?"

"Will you put the question directly, comrade director. What are you accusing me of?"

"Well, go on home."

"And what time shall I come back, comrade director?"

"You'll let me know."

I had not even gotten into the apartment when the phone rang.

"At what time, comrade director?"

"Ah, you already know, Comrade Brazhnev! At 22.00."

I came.

"Sergeant of State Security Brazhnev reporting at your command."

"You are well-disciplined. Sit down. You still haven't demer-

bered?"

I said nothing.

I left. I got home by the last streetcar.

At one in the morning the phone rang.

"Is that you, Comrade Brazhnev?"

"Yes, it's me."

"Please come see me at 4.00."

It went on this way till the 15th of May: three days of being called, and on the fourth at home, without call. Knowing that I would be

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free on the fourth day, I headed with my complaint to the procurator of NKVD troops for the Khar'kov oblast', but I received the following answer: "I don't have your ~~name~~. I don't think the ~~name~~ special agent has finished with ~~it~~ yet."

"Comrade procurator!" I said. "I still don't know what they're accusing me of!"

"All right, I'll talk with them."

For three days they left me alone. On the 18th of May there was ~~no~~ call ~~again~~. I went. At the desk of the ~~name~~ special agent, ~~the name~~ ~~junior lieutenant of State Security~~ ~~name~~ Yanovich.

"Ah! It seems we are already acquainted?"

"Sit down and tell the truth. I will not remind you of the past, Comrade Brashnev. You certainly remember the practices?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, now, it's just you and me. Your fellow students aren't with you and I don't think anyone will jump on me. You are accused of...

(he paused) ^{d.} "You know what ~~name~~ you are accused of?"

"No."

"In connection with ^a counter-revolutionary. You helped him directly ~~name~~ or indirectly. You gave out a passport, to whom?"

"Who are you talking about, comrade junior lieutenant?"

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"You know who, and we've found him."

"You lie," I thought. "You scoundrel! I can tell by your eyes."

"On what basis did you give the order to ~~xxxx~~ to issue him a passport, and why a five-year passport? He named ~~by~~ my uncle by name."

"On the basis of the fact that the person had had his papers stolen on the way and to refuse him would ~~xxxx~~ send him to be punished."

"The Soviet code it says: 'Not he who commits a crime is a criminal, but he who led him onto the path of crime.'"

"Yes, I know you are literate. But you won't get away with this and you will answer most severely under the revolutionary code. So, you don't want to confess, eh?"

THE MILITARY TRIPTAL

On the 2nd of June at 9.00 my trial came up. I went. About an hour later the court took a ~~xxxxxx~~ recess. Everyone went out of doors.

~~I sat next~~ the president of the court Mironenko, after ~~xx~~ him the

~~xx~~ assessor from the NKVD workers, then the second assessor and the

procurator. I strung along behind the procurator and suddenly heard their

conversation. The procurator said to the president ~~xx~~: "We'll have to

fix this up nicely." Hearing their words, I stopped them and asked:

"What's this? ~~xxxx~~ you know, Comrade procurator, that according to

Soviet law, the court ~~xxxxxx~~ only ~~xx~~ obeys the law. What right have ~~xx~~ to

influence the assessor of the military tribunal? I do not trust the given staff of the military tribunal since you, a state accuser, are influencing the judges."

"Ah, you are so literate! All right, we talk later."

After the recess, the prosecutor asked for a word.

"I have received supplementary material in accusation of Brezhnev," he announced, although there was no supplementary material.

"I ask the court to release the prisoner! In order not to hinder the progress of the investigation, I ask that Brezhnev be ~~xxx~~ isolated."

The tribunal agreed. I was arrested and ~~put in~~ taken to ^{on Cold Hill} Khar'kov prison by the "Black Maria".

At exactly half past eleven they took ^{me} to the so-called station. ^{halting} Putting me with my back to the wall, the director of the group being shipped told the director of the halting station about me.

"Aha, that means it is our former snaf" said the director of the halting station. He came up to me, took me by the shoulders, and turned me around.

"Well, what's the matter? They entrusted you with a uniform and you have disgraced it, and not only disgraced it but besmirched the honor of the Chekists. You've gotten mixed up with enemies. They suck our blood, and you have decided to help them. ^{should you be} ~~any~~ agitated? Put up

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your hands. I'll search you." Having felt my clothing to the last seam, he started in on my shoes. "They're fine shoes, but I'll have to ruin them." He returned my shoes to me with ~~them~~ the soles torn up and no heels. "Here are your shoes! Now you can't go anywhere. You'll be all right even in these. Take him away," he said to the soldier. The soldier led me along the corridor.

"Where to now, citizen director," I asked the soldier.

"To the general holding station."

I entered. On the floor against the walls sat about 40 arrested persons. The middle of the room was free of people. It was covered with rubbish and covered all over with spit. Several people arose. They came to me.

"Well, what ~~did you do~~, sonny?"

"For ~~what reason~~. I stole a mare, and forgot the whip.

The damned things caught up with me."

"You're ~~one of us~~. Do you have a smoke?"

On June 9th at 7 o'clock in the evening they called me for ~~interrogation~~ ^{questioning} and the "Black Maria" took me to ~~the~~ NKVD ^{headquarters} administration to the same Room 221. At the desk sat Yanzhevskiy. Not far from the desk Yanevich was looking over my dossier.

"Sit down, comrade sergeant of state security," Yarzhevskiy

xxx said to me with a spiteful smile.

"Thank you, citizen director."

"Ah, you have already grown accustomed to calling me 'citizen

director'?" How are things?"

"Thank you. Well."

"But we will try to make these wires if you find it so good in

prison."

"That is your affair."

"Silence!" shouted Yarzhevskiy. "Well, what have you got

there, comrade Yanevich?"

Yanevich pulled a chair up to the table.

"Well, what now? Will you confess? The xxx counter you helped

has been caught," Yanevich began.

"I don't know any counters."

"Well, if you don't know ~~any~~, then we'll try to make you know."

For your whole life. There are no students here. Nobody to protect you.

"Get up! Hands up!" bellowed Yanevich and began to put shackles on my

feet. Stick your hands out in front of you!" He put handcuffs on them.

On the floor lay a ~~xxx~~ carpet about two and a half meters

long and a meter wide. They ~~xxx~~ placed me with my back to the wall.

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There was about 70-80 centimeters between me and the wall.

"Stand on the edge of the carpet, you bastard!" Yarzhevskiy shouted. Yanevich pulled the carpet at the opposite end. From the whole height of my stature I sat on the floor, and hit my head against the wall. There was no support since my hands were in handcuffs and held out in ~~front~~ front.

"Get up! Yarzhevskiy ordered. "You good-for-nothing, you'll

suffer."

I said nothing.

"Tie his ~~xxx~~ eyes," said Yarzhevskiy to Yanevich.

"Yes, comrade director."

They knocked me down this way fifteen times more with my eyes covered. The ~~xxxxxx~~ blood ~~xxxxx~~ ^{pushed} out of my mouth. Yanevich gave me cold water.

"Well, how is it? Better now?" Yarzhevskiy said spitefully.

"Can you take it, good-for-nothing? No ~~more~~ ^{bye} broken ~~these~~ ^{the} ~~bones~~ ^{bones} you."

I think we'll break you too."

In the region of my waist ~~xxxxx~~ I felt an unbearable pain in my spine. My legs buckled. I fell.

"Ah, acting silly, you good-for-nothing?" Yanevich jumped up and began to take off my shoes. Yarzhevskiy came up from the dining room

with a metal spoon. He began to beat me on the heels. I fainted.

I don't know when I came to. I opened my eyes. I was sitting in a chair and Yanevich was standing before me. Yarchevskiy was not in the room.

"Perhaps you will confess, Comrade Bravmanov. Otherwise it will be very bad for you!"

"You are not my superior, executioner Yanevich," ^{broke} ~~came from my~~

lips.

"Oh, in that case..."

Yarchevskiy entered the room.

"Get up, you good-for-nothing!" he bawled in a voice that ~~did~~

~~not sound~~ ~~like~~ ~~him~~.

Yanevich picked me up from the ~~chair~~ and went away.

"You won't confess, you ~~good-for-nothing~~!" Yarchevskiy

clenched his fist and began to beat me in the face: right and left. If

I swayed to the left, he hit me ~~xx~~ with his right ~~xxx~~ fist, if ~~xxx~~ to the right, with his left fist.

But the executioners saw that this experiment was not enough.

Yanevich hit me with his pistol handle in my lower jaw under my front

teeth. Four teeth ~~were lost~~ ^{fell into} my mouth. Yarchevskiy evidently wanted to

hit me in the diaphragm with the handle of his ~~xx~~ pistol, but he got me

a little higher and to the right. My ribs ~~cracked~~^{cracked} and I faint.

I came to lying on a hospital cot in the prison hospital.

Four teeth were knocked out, two ribs broken and nine vertebrae dislocated.

At one o'clock in the morning on the 22nd of June, 1961, a military tribunal of NKVD troops for the Khar'kov Oblast' sentenced me as for connections with the counter-revolutionary element, to 7 years imprisonment in the far-away camps of the Soviet Union without the right to correspond, and to a loss of deprivation of political and ~~sixth~~ citizenship rights after I served out my 7 year term of punishment.

THE END